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The Week.

VIRGINIA has been carried by the "Conservative" candidate for Governor by a majority that will probably turn out to be not far from twenty-five thousand, and this in the heaviest vote ever cast in the State. Mr. Walker, the Governor-elect, is a New Yorker, less than forty years of age, bred to the law, once a "Douglas Democrat," and, since the war began, a Republican. He has been for some years a Virginian by residence, and is said to be much respected by his fellow-citizens of Norfolk. That he will make a good Governor there seems to be not much doubt. Since his election he has made a speech, in which he declared that his success meant the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment and the endorsement by Virginia of the negro's right to political equality. This we believe to be so. We have no expectation of seeing Virginians playing the game which the Georgians entered upon, but which now they seem inclined to give up. It is true that many of the white men who voted for Walker are still enemies of negro suffrage; perhaps most of them are; but their enmity wants the bitterness it had a year or two ago, and we shall hear all the less of it now that "Conservatives" have been willing to nominate negroes for office, and have voted them into office, and have been voted into office by former slaves. Four of the sixteen colored members of the House of Assembly are Walker men; and a portion of the colored vote so large as not to be at all fully represented even by this fact was cast against Mr. Wells. The Virginians—and this is the best thing they have done in this contest—have shown the South, with a forcibleness that the whole South will feel as it never felt Northern preaching to the same effect, that there is no reason why white men should fear black, whether the black men have the ballot or not. The reverse not being true, there is every reason why everybody should rejoice that the two races—or the pure and the mixed form of the one race—have been able to carry on political business in amicable partnership. Of the newly elected members of Congress, Mr. Segar, Congressman at large, is the best known. He is a clever, gallant man, and a consistent Unionist. Mr. Porter, of whom little is known, will be recognized, we dare say, by General Butler. The returns indicate that of the nine representatives five are Conservative and four Radical; and no doubt the Conservatives have a two-thirds majority in the State Senate and Assembly, which gives them the two United States Senators and the power to override the Governor's veto.

Politics elsewhere are stirring a little, but not much. At last the Ohio Democracy have consented to give up the attitude of defiance which they have maintained with more persistency than good judgment for so long a time. That is to say, they have parted with the defiance; their attitude is otherwise pretty much the same; and the nomination of General Rosecrans for Governor will not conceal from the eyes of any one who takes the trouble to look, that the planks of the platform which the candidate is put upon betray plainly the joinery of Mr. Vallandigham. Bond taxation, anti-negroism, and inflation seem as dear as ever to the Ohio "unterrified." We fear the General may be more successful as a candidate than he ever was as anything else—as general, or diplomatist at the Sulphur Springs, or Minister to Mexico. He has the reputation of being a well-meaning, indiscreet, not very able man; but still he has a reputation, and he will be a harder man for Governor Hayes to beat than some others would have been. A worse thing is that he imperils the success of the Amendment. In any case, however, the way is more open since his nomination for a change of base by the "Peace Democracy."

Rosecrans's nomination in Ohio may very probably be of some help to Hancock in the attempt to get the Democratic nomination in Pennsylvania; but from all we hear we should judge that the question of who shall be candidate in that State is mainly a question of money. Both Mr. Packer and Mr. Cass, who are spoken of, are men who can afford to pay for honors—whether or not either of them would; and that some paying must be done nobody appears to deny. Mr. Packer has the reputation, we believe, of having been very civil and of much service to certain young relatives of Mr. Jefferson Davis when they were in need of help, and, in virtue of their blood, were in bad odor; but, on the other hand, Mr. Cass is understood to be strong in the Pittsburg country, which, in its normal condition, is strongly Republican. Furthermore, it may be doubted if the "claim" of Mr. Packer's which we have mentioned would be a very strong one in the eyes of very many Pennsylvania Democrats. The pressure in favor of Hancock probably comes chiefly from outside the State; the party nationally would not object to seeing something like an available candidate for 1872. Some journals already talk about possible Republican nominees for that time—as Colfax, Sheridan, Boutwell, and others; but for the Democracy they seem to find nobody but the Chief-Justice. There is time enough yet between now and October to talk about Governor Geary's chances of re-election. His is a weak enough nomination, we suppose; but then the local tickets may make up for that, and, so far as we hear, though the Republicans are not doing well as regards these, the Democrats are doing no better. In Philadelphia, for example, they have a convict and blackleg among their nominees. And it is said that Mr. Robeson is found to be more "practicable" than his predecessor, and is helping his party to use the political leverage which the Navy Yard affords. As the Philadelphia vote is heavy, and the general vote may probably be light, this assistance from the Secretary of the Navy, and the badness of the Democratic local nominations may have an important effect on the election.

Elihu Burritt, who has in his day done some honor to the American name, and some service to his race, has been for some time consul at Birmingham, on a salary of \$1,500, out of which he had to pay office-rent and clerk-hire, leaving him about \$500 for his own use. One would think the place would not tempt the poorest harpy that

ever "worked" in a canvas, and yet the old man has been turned out. What makes the performance seem at first sight more remarkable is, that Burritt rendered great service to the Union cause with his pen during the war. We are not at this moment acquainted with the name and antecedents of the gentleman who is to take his place; but, of course, we can have little doubt that he is a pious, virtuous, painstaking scholar, linguist, and statistician, of dignified manners and commanding personal appearance, who wants the small emoluments of the place simply to spend them in buying books for our public libraries, and helping young American artists while pursuing their studies. This being the case, old Burritt, instead of being dissatisfied, as he is, at being removed, ought to thank Mr. Washburne—if Mr. Washburne did it—for ridding the service of him.

We are glad to say that Philadelphia is just now the seat of great and increasing dissatisfaction with our friends "the politicians." In fact—if we can believe what we hear—the leading citizens of all parties are thoroughly disgusted with the manner in which appointments to the Civil Service have been made during the last six months. Luckily, too, their discontent is taking a practical form. They have drawn up a letter, couched in the strongest terms, addressed to the State Congressmen, requesting them to support forthwith Jenckes's bill, or something like it, that will put an end to the disgraceful scramble for office, and expressing their opinion that the continuance of the present state of things will not only endanger the existence of the Government, but go far to weaken the bonds of private morality. Most of the leading citizens are signing it, and we trust the movement will spread in the same shape to all the cities in the country. Nothing more disagreeable to the average Congressman than this mode of acting on him can well be imagined. If you go to Washington, and request him to "eschew corruption" and support the appointment to office of the pure and good, he will embrace you, invite you to take a seat on the Congressional sofa, and tell you that those have been his sentiments ever since he was a boy in a store; but if you say you want him to vote for a particular bill providing specifically for the exclusion of rascals and ignoramuses from office; or, if you ask him why he recommended Brown, the notorious horse-thief, for a United States marshalship, his countenance will assume an abstracted mathematical expression, and he will probably have to rush off to listen to Smith's great speech on the state of the Union, in order to refute that sophistical Copperhead's views on the configuration of the black man's skull and shins. Nevertheless, it is only by following him up steadily with names, dates, and circumstances, and specific demands, that he can ever be got to divest himself of the power of "taking care of his friends."

The Springfield *Republican* accuses us of having made a mistake in saying that Governor Claflin was a director of the Boston Railroad Company, but the only proof it offers is an assertion that it would be against the Massachusetts laws for him to fill that position. Now, if there be a law on the subject, its existence proves simply that he ought not to be a director of the road; that he is a director, we still affirm. The official list of directors published by the company for 1869 contains his name, and we have proof positive that to the carnal eye of those connected with the road, he is still on the board. If, therefore, in remaining a director, he is violating a statutory prohibition, so much the worse for him; if he is not violating a statutory prohibition, he is guilty of a great indiscretion; and if he allows his name to stand on the list when he is really not an officer of the corporation, he connives at a fraud—pious, it may be, but still a fraud. We do not, we repeat, impute any dishonesty or bad motives to him; but we do say that in these days, when railroads are so often great moneyed corporations, managed by speculators with a single eye to their own benefit, and in constant need of State aid either in "getting down to tide-water" or bolstering up their credit, the Governor of the State should have no official connection with them. We are also under the necessity of repeating, in reply to the *Republican*, that the Boston *Advertiser* did oppose the Massachusetts Central Railroad Bill, as may be seen by referring to the number of June 8.

A movement has been inaugurated in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the results of which we profess a very lively interest. The scheme of co-operative housekeeping sketched out in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mrs. C. S. Peirce, has been taken in hand, for practical experiment, by that lady, and, in part, now forms the serious undertaking of some twenty or twenty-five families. A clear and feasible plan has been elaborated, by which it is hoped to establish a co-operative store-room, a laundry, a bakery, and a kitchen, that shall relieve the home of the cares, expense, and untidiness of cooking and washing, and reduce housekeeping to simpler proportions, enabling families to dispense with servants altogether, or to be quite independent of them. The details of this plan were presented in a remarkably business-like address which Mrs. Peirce made last week to some of her neighbors, and which appeared in the *World* of Saturday. We understand that several other towns are already forming similar associations, and more are awaiting the success of the Cambridge experiment. This cannot be determined before the fall or early winter, but we expect to witness it. The ladies of Berlin have shown their capacity to found, maintain, and direct the "People's Kitchens," as they are called, or cheap restaurants for the working-classes; and we do not believe that American women are less practical than German. Mr. Mill asserts that practicalness is a feminine quality, and if it be, it is very certain that Mrs. Peirce is not quitting her "sphere." Their conduct of the Sanitary Aid Societies in the war did a great deal for women's business reputation; but the Sanitary Commission was a charitable organization; it had not to make ends meet, and was therefore not a complete test of the business ability of the managers. We want now to see if women can make a business enterprise *pay*, and everybody will, for this reason, watch the present experiment with the greatest interest. Its bearing on all sorts of social and political problems cannot be overestimated.

We see it asserted in one of the papers that the late defaulting cashier of the Central National Bank was brought to grief by unsuccessful speculations in Mariposa "Preferred Stock." If so, all we can say is that he is by no means the only person who was ruined by his confidence in "the new machinery" of that remarkable corporation. We have heard of more than one wretched victim whose all has gone down its auriferous shafts. A friend reminds us that when a piece of plate was presented, a month or two ago, to the enterprising president, in consideration of his services in forcing up the stock and otherwise bringing the simple-minded within the fowler's net, he modestly disclaimed all glory of the performance, and ascribed it, like a pious man, to an overruling Providence. We think he owes it to the public to acknowledge that he was mistaken as to the character of the agency which was manipulating the shares and crushing the quartz. He might surely now apply to the Mariposa Company what Colonel Pride said of the Long Parliament when he was "purging" that body.

General Blair was invited to the dinner of the "Army of the Gulf," presided over by Farragut, which took place at Long Branch last week, and took occasion, in making his few "remarks," to say that "the names of Lee and Stonewall Jackson would one day be as much on the lips of Americans as those of Sherman and Farragut," and to speak of them as "aspersed as rebels," of course by way of eulogizing the Confederate leaders; whereat the company took offence, and Admiral Farragut called him to order under the rule prohibiting the introduction of politics into these gatherings. General Blair then left the room, after having endured a fair amount of expressions of disapprobation. He excuses himself and abuses his hosts in a letter to the *World*, in which he says his object in praising Lee and Jackson was to compliment the men who had beaten them, and he ascribes the "perversion" of his meaning by those who heard him to their "having been taught by Butler to relish a different kind of steal" (pun).

The *World* comes to his rescue, on the ground that what he said was "the merest truism; that Browning glorifies Strafford; Bul-

wer Cromwell; French royalists Hoche, and French republicans Larochefajacquin; and that men who would have voted with Ireton and Bradshaw in a mysterious body, which the *World* calls "the Lay Parliament," now read of Falkland with moistened eyes; and that "our children will not sow Jackson's grave with salt, or build monuments to Ben Butler"—all of which may be true, but is not to the point. Time is of the essence of the question. Bulwer glorifies Cromwell, but Cromwell has been dead for two hundred years; and the moistness which comes over our eyes about Falkland is due with most of us to the fact that Falkland has for the same period ceased to be troubled by either church or state. Anybody who eulogized Rupert or Stanley at a Puritan dinner, three years after Naseby, would certainly have had a tankard of ale thrown in his face. One of the peculiarities of civil war, too, is that men do not feel much, if any, admiration for an enemy's bravery; they are too deeply moved by the quarrel to have any stomach for mere professional enjoyment of the spectacle of the foeman's prowess. Rupert was not to the Puritans a brilliant cavalry officer, as he is to us, but a blaspheming, plundering scoundrel, who deserved to have his throat cut. So that even if we acquit General Blair of all intention to offend, we cannot acquit him of the charge of having made an ass of himself in talking in a way which, according to the showing of his own friends, will not be appropriate for fifty years after he is dead. Public dinners are not the occasions on which to anticipate the judgments of posterity; anybody who talks at them is expected to talk the talk, and at least respect the prejudices, of his company, or else do what happily it is in the power of every man to do—hold his tongue.

Mr. Jackson, on whose removal from office in the Treasury Department we commented some weeks since, writes to us to say that he was removed under a "mistaken supposition as to his political affiliations," but that as soon as the mistake was corrected by the representations of his friends, he was reappointed, and has no reason to suppose that "his tenure of office is dependent on any other conditions than those implied in every appointment." The two young men, he says, who are learning their duties under him, were appointed in virtue of an arrangement between himself and the chief of his division, and without the knowledge of the Third Auditor, and their duties are, not simply those discharged by himself alone, but those of other places made vacant by dismissals and resignations. Both are lawyers of some experience, and in training them Mr. Jackson is only doing what the old hands have to do every time the general sweep is made after a change of administration. We trust Mr. Jackson will be more careful in future about his "affiliations." He regrets, naturally enough, our mention of his case and our criticism of his chief; and we regret having had to use him as an illustration. But we shall never be satisfied till he and all like him can "affiliate" as they please, as long as they discharge their duty properly.

The Emperor has apparently lost heart, and instead of appealing to the property-holders against the Socialists, or the Socialists against the property-holders, has quietly sent in a message to the Corps Législatif proposing to concede to that body the right of choosing its own president, of ratifying commercial treaties, of questioning ministers in their places, and to ministers the right to sit as representatives. In fact, it may be said that he is willing to accept a ministry responsible to the chamber. The much-abused parliamentary system is to be set up in France once more, pretty much as it was in Louis Philippe's time, plus universal suffrage. The immediate cause of the surrender is probably the resignation of the ministry, which found its position untenable, owing to the largeness of the hostile minority and its weight and ability. The great reason why a ministry responsible only to the sovereign cannot work in combination with a representative legislature is one that cannot be got over—that ministers are, after all, but men, with human nerves and susceptibilities, and will not sit and debate week after week, in a hostile assembly, with nothing to support them but the consciousness that a master in a palace some miles away

approves of their conduct. After the proposed reforms are enacted nothing but the submission of press offences to the jury, and the subjection of functionaries to legal pursuit at the hands of individuals, will be needed to make France a free country; but without the last all the others are nugatory, because as long as nobody can prosecute a policeman without the permission of the council of state, every man's liberty and property are at the mercy of the government.

What has led the Emperor thus to abandon deliberately the Napoleonic system, which was the darling discovery of his life, and submit himself and his fortunes to the *rhéteurs*, is, probably, his age and physical infirmities, which render him no longer equal to a bold or desperate policy, such as a great socialistic experiment, or another *coup d'état*; the rapid decline in France of the military spirit, which has always been the sure support of his dynasty; the loss of prestige caused by the undeniable mistakes of the last ten years; and, though last not least, the consciousness that personal government is, in our age, not possible in the absence of personal loyalty to the sovereign. The latter is now so nearly extinct that all displays of it call forth a smile. In 1851, individual saviours of nations seemed not impossible; but the world has made prodigious strides politically since then. The fact is patent that the people all over Christendom are bent on governing themselves somehow, and claim the right of doing it badly if they please. The "good king" will soon be as extinct as the dodo. The Blatherskite is just at present making a vigorous attempt to take his place, but we shall before long see him displaced also; and then let us hope the dream of thirty centuries will be realized, and Right Reason, the only legitimate ruler of men, be placed firmly on the throne.

The Lords are returning the Irish Church Bill to the Commons without the provision which devotes the money of the endowment, about \$100,000,000 currency, to charitable purposes—proposing to leave the disposition to future decision—and without the retention of the bishops in the House of Lords. They have tried during the debate various modes of letting the Church down easy—such as concurrent endowment—as they called it, "levelling up." Then they clamored for the reservation of the glebe-houses in perpetuity, and so on. None of their amendments have been important, or, in fact, have been introduced for any purpose than that of obstructing the measure, without seeming actually to oppose it outright, which they are afraid to do. The country and the House of Commons, however, regard all the leading features of Mr. Gladstone's bill as essential, and none more so than his plan for distributing the money: and it is not improbable that the Commons will be supported in rejecting the amendments by a fierce outburst of popular agitation.

Prince Hohenlohe, the Bavarian prime minister, has got into a state of excitement about the Œcumenical Council, which, in contrast with the somewhat contemptuous calm with which the other Catholic powers await its assembling, is somewhat ludicrous. He is evidently of opinion that, if left alone, it may issue some decrees that will throw the whole machine of state out of gear in Catholic countries, and he has accordingly issued a circular in which he calls on other Catholic governments to hold a convention and settle on some line of united action calculated to keep the Council in bounds. Austria, however, which is the chief Catholic power, replies, through M. de Beust, that it will simply look on, and only resist if attacked, which is what France is going to do. If the Council prescribes to either people or clergy any line of action in contravention of municipal law, all persons obeying it will be duly punished; otherwise no attention will be paid to its decisions. It will, by-the-by, interest the Christian world to know that the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, is going to attend the Council, and give the prelates a piece of his mind. He will thus, for the first time, see the Scarlet Woman eye to eye; and if the Pope does not abdicate after hearing the Doctor's views as to the meaning of the Two Beasts of the Revelations, all we can say is, that it will show him to be, what we have long suspected him to be, a hardened and irreclaimable old fellow.

THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

WHAT has happened in Virginia is this—that the new Constitution, drawn up by a very Radical Convention some time ago, has been submitted, by the President's order, to the popular vote; certain clauses, which were likely to prove specially obnoxious to a great number of the inhabitants of the State, having been submitted separately, so that the hostility of the Conservatives to them might not endanger the adoption of the rest of the instrument. The Constitution has been adopted by a large majority, and the proscriptive clauses have been defeated. At the same time, Mr. Walker, a Northern lawyer of high character and undoubted Unionism, has been elected Governor of the State by the same majority—a combination of Democrats and Conservative Republicans voting for him—over Mr. Wells, the present Governor, the candidate of the extreme Radicals, and a man less generally respected than Walker. The Governor, to be sure, is only a provisional Governor, after all, for the State is not yet in the Union; but the adoption of the Constitution by a large majority will doubtless bring it into the Union when Congress meets. The Constitution, too, as it stands, contains what is commonly considered the essence of reconstruction—that is, it accepts the results of the war, and establishes universal suffrage. Nevertheless, a great many people seem to be alarmed and troubled by the result, for the reason simply that Walker, the successful candidate, has received the support not simply of Conservative Republicans, but of that large body of Southerners who either participated in the rebellion or sympathized with it, and who until now have bitterly opposed the reconstruction policy of Congress. It is feared, and not unnaturally, that a constitution which such men suddenly approve of must contain something capable of being used to defeat the object of its framers, and that a Governor elected by them can hardly remain faithful to national principles and policy. It is undoubtedly hard to believe that Virginians of the type of the Hunters, Baldwins, and Smiths have suddenly become sincere converts to the doctrine of equal rights, or that a candidate of their choosing can prove a very jealous champion of such rights; but then it is difficult to see why what has happened should take anybody very much by surprise. A great many persons at the North seem to have cherished up to the present day the belief that in some mysterious manner the ex-rebels would undergo a change of heart as regarded the government of the Union and the doctrine of human equality, and that by keeping them two or three years out in the cold, they would at last come to bless what they once cursed, and turn into as good Radicals as any of us. As yet they have given no sign of this whatever, and have made no progress in our direction beyond expressing a willingness to accept the inevitable. The old feeling about the rebellion and its consequences is not changed, and there is no human means of changing it rapidly. The idea that it can be changed by any process of coercion is, of course, a hallucination. Time will do it, and the revival of industry and the fading of old memories, but nothing else; and if the Union is to be legally reconstructed within the next twenty years, it must be with the existing materials, of which "unrepentant" rebels, it must be remembered, form a large part. It need not surprise us in the least that they have not voted for Wells. Wells represents to them all that is odious in the reconstruction policy; and, if we let them vote at all, we must be prepared for their voting for men we do not like. In fact, calling on them to vote is calling on them to express an opinion—not the opinion we most like, but such as they happen to hold. If it do not suit us, so much the worse, but there is no use in lamenting over their obstinacy and blindness. The stage on which the South is now entering is one which must inevitably follow the abolition of military rule—a stage in which the old leaders will again raise their heads and gather their hosts; a stage in which negroes will be intimidated, or "influenced," or humbugged, and in which a great many obnoxious men will be put in places of trust, and a great many obnoxious principles be preached. But we cannot help it. The cause of it lies in human nature, and it takes a good deal of time and a good deal of trouble to change human nature. That Walker will be more or less influenced by the men who have voted for him, we think very likely; and that these men are still hostile, openly or secretly, to the

North and its ideas, is doubtless true, but then these men compose the most active, energetic, and skilful portion of the Southern population. They cannot be killed or gagged or outlawed; they must, therefore, be endured.

To our minds, a great deal is gained when they have been induced to vote for a constitution which formally recognizes every other man's right to vote, and to vote for it, too, with enthusiasm. And we are not sorry to hear of their influencing the negroes. It is a good thing for the negro that he is worth influencing; intimidated, too, he is and will be; but this is the inevitable consequence of his poverty, dependence, and want of education. Wherever poor men vote, they are exposed to intimidation; and one of the objects of industry and political education is to raise them above intimidation.

On the whole, we think the political prospect at the South very encouraging. The acceptance of negro suffrage as the basis of the new political régime by the white Virginians and Georgians, who are in a majority, has set an example which Mississippi will probably follow; and we shall, within a year or two, see the colored men admitted to the political arena all over the South, and fairly engaged in the game of politics with their white neighbors. However they may fare at first, the mere willingness of the Southerners to play it on a footing of equality with them, shows that the worst is over, and that the North has done its work, because it has done all it can for them short of making them a privileged class.

THE COMING OF THE BARBARIAN.

MR. RAPHAEL PUMPELLE, in a thoughtful and instructive article in the last *Galaxy*, foreshadowed, with the aid of personal experience of China and Chinamen, the probable extent and possible consequences of the immigration of Chinese with which the Pacific slope, if not the whole Union, is threatened, and there can be no question that it is not a minute too soon for us to look the matter in the face and provide for it. If nobody were likely to gain by the coming of the Chinese but the Chinese themselves, we might attach some importance to the efforts that will undoubtedly be made to prevent their coming. Their difference of manners, and of religion, and their peculiarities of appearance and personal habits, and their extreme inoffensiveness, not to say helplessness, make them just the kind of object which most excites the hatred and contempt of the Anglo-Saxon and the Irish variety of the Celt. That people can have any political or social rights, or be entitled to any respect, who are not able and ready on proper provocation to thrash him soundly, is to either of these gentlemen a doctrine so strange and forbidding that nothing but considerable mental and moral culture enables him thoroughly to comprehend it. The pleasant old Californian custom of robbing Chinamen as an amusement has, of course, been always confined to the brutal population of the diggings, but the feeling which underlies it has found expression amongst the educated, moral, and religious portion of the community in the exclusion of Chinese testimony in courts of justice; and Californians seem to be almost as sensitive to all criticism of this feature of their jurisprudence as our Southern friends used to be to criticism of the slave code. An attempt to admonish the Californian Christians on the subject was made at the last Presbyterian Assembly in this city, but was defeated, owing to the outspoken resentment of the Californian delegates. So that if all that was needed to stop the flow of Chinamen into this country was hostility of sentiment, especially on the part of the laboring classes, we might expect to see them kept out, or at all events only let in in very small numbers, in spite of the fact that, as has been well said, in opening up steam communication with China, and bringing so many of the people over already, we have made a breach in a wall behind which four hundred millions of human beings are struggling for more room, more light, more labor, and more food.

There are, however, two forces at work in the United States, at this moment, which, though very silent, are very powerful, and which will undoubtedly force admission for the Chinese in spite of any amount of popular prejudice. One is the demand of capital for labor, and the other is the demand of farmers and others, but especially farmers, for household service, or help, or whatever one pleases to call it. The settlement of the slavery controversy, and the consequent opening of

the whole continent to every form of free industry, the wonderful impetus given to all enterprise by the rapid extension of the railroad and the telegraph, the discovery in every direction of incalculable natural wealth, and the increasing confidence of the civilized world in the permanence of American institutions, will doubtless make this country, during the coming century, the recipient of enormous quantities of capital, for which Europe no longer affords profitable employment, and which in Asia cannot find safe employment. We may be sure, too, that in spite of the ravings of some of our economical blather-skites about "foreign indebtedness," there will never come a time when Americans will be so wholly demented as to refuse to borrow money at four or five per cent. with which they can make from twelve to twenty per cent. profit without giving any more burdensome security for its payment than their word. Add to this the very large body of capital which is already accumulated here, not only in large but in small quantities, in the hands of mechanics as well as of millionaires, and which is eagerly seeking investment through the shrewdest and most indomitable speculators the world has ever seen, and you have a demand for labor which nothing can resist—neither prejudice nor prohibitory legislation, and which, during the next fifty years, will draw Chinamen here as fast as they are willing and able to come, and which would draw them far faster than the Irish and Germans, even if the supply of these were not already seriously impaired; because the Chinese will work harder and for less wages, and are more tractable. The moral and political objections to them we need not consider here, because capital will not consider them, and these, as Mr. Pumpelly shows, are probably greatly overestimated.

Coming to the second force—the demand for domestic servants—we touch on a point on which our opinions may seem to some persons fanciful; but we have little fear of any such judgment from those who consider the facts of American life apart from the theories of American progress preached on platforms. Probably the most puzzling phenomenon of the day to the sociologist is the growing tendency of the present generation of native Americans to abandon the country and crowd into the towns, to engage in trade and manufactures. The newspapers and poets are all busy painting the delights of the agricultural life; but the farmer, though he reads their articles and poems, quits the farm as soon as he can find any other way of making a livelihood; and if he does not, his son does. Much of this movement may doubtless be ascribed to the unnatural stimulus given to manufactures and speculation by the outrageous tariff of the last eight years; but the greater portion of it is undoubtedly due to the hardships and loneliness of farm life, even under the most favorable circumstances, whether on the New England hills or the prairies of Illinois. The farmer is worked to the utmost extent of his powers, and his wife is worked beyond her powers, and the result is bad food, bad health, and perennial weariness and disgust.

Of course, it may be said that the lot of the American farmer is not different from—is, indeed, in many respects a far easier one than—that of the European farmer; and the European farmer is a synonym for strength and health and sound sleep and contentment. But then the European farmer and his wife who do their own work are *peasants*; that is, persons without knowledge or ambition or tastes, with few desires above those of the ox in their plough. The European farmer's wife has no social aspirations, no silk dresses, no piano, no monthly magazine, and no dreams or hopes of genteel existence. She is a robust animal, who handles her pots and pans, and bends over her wash-tub, with thorough enjoyment of her work, and without a suspicion that she is capable of anything higher or better.

The problem which the native American farmer is trying to solve, however, is one which has never before been attempted, namely, the infusion into the agricultural calling of a degree of culture and refinement hitherto only witnessed in towns amongst any class, and never witnessed amongst our farming population at all. In fact, he is trying to live, while laboring with his hands, as only superintendents of labor live in other countries. To say that the attempt is succeeding or seems likely to succeed would be to fly in the face of all the facts. There rises from every farm-house, or at least from the women of it, a wail of discontent—a story of shattered nerves, worn-out muscles,

lonely, joyless lives, which are made only the more unbearable by the glimpses which the literature of the day gives of the ease, polish, and excitement of city life, and he is a lucky farmer who gets his children to follow his calling one minute longer than they can help it. The efforts made in every direction to reconcile him to his lot, by contrivances for reducing the labor of housekeeping, and supplying him with substitutes for society and amusement, are numerous enough, but none of them seem to be of much value. The hard facts remain—that neither he nor his wife can get cheap and reliable labor, and that without it they must be drudges, hewers of wood and drawers of water, longing for higher things, but without the means of attaining them; and there is nobody who is familiar with farm-life in this country who is not seriously asking himself whether the experiment of having the fields tilled by enlightened citizens is not a failure, or whether the happy farmer must not be for ever, what he has always been since Adam's fall, the rude, unlettered peasant.

The same story might be told, *mutatis mutandis*, of that large class of dwellers in towns who are now able to keep no servant, or who endure the untold and unutterable agony of trying to get intelligent assistance out of one; and when once the chance is offered to this vast army of sufferers of hiring such servants as Mr. Pumpelly describes the Chinese to be—submissive, tractable, painstaking, economical, cheap, needing neither society, nor amusements, nor church, nor school; neither saucy, nor ambitious, nor restless—they will have them, though they had to go through fire and water to get them. Nobody who feels the public pulse can have failed to notice the thrill of delighted, eager expectation which has passed through it by the mere talk which we have already had of the approach of the barbarians. If the barbarians only knew what welcome awaits them, the Central Flowery Land would suffer a perceptible diminution of its population, teeming though it be, within the next ten years.

Of course, the presence of a large body of persons whose value lies in their fitness for servile duties and in their want of social ambition will give a severe blow to the American social ideal. But this ideal vanished for the present when an insensate eagerness to "build up" manufactures led to loss of faith in the inherent vigor of American society, and when successive doses of protection produced those great social tumors known as "centres of industry," swarming with a foreign population whom it is hard to absorb, and whom great speculators use as the pawns in their tremendous game. We cannot, if we would, go back to the early, happy time, when the mill-girls wrote poetry and read French, and the farmer's hired man could deliver a Fourth of July oration on a pinch. In any case, the question of domestic service is fast becoming a question of civilization itself. Marriage, divorce, child-bearing, female health, the permanence and purity of homes, are all affected by it.

The probable influence of the Chinese on our politics affords, of course, matter for grave consideration. But does their arrival not promise an opportunity once more of proposing an educational test for the exercise of the suffrage with a better chance of a favorable hearing than we have hitherto had? The Fenian who now thinks every male has an "inalienable right" to vote without reference to the state of his intelligence, would probably support the exaction from the Chinese voter of a knowledge of the English language and of the principles of this government, and this might furnish the first step towards a formal recognition, applicable to all, of the absolute necessity of general education to the success of democracy. We notice as a favorable sign of the times that many of those who have during the last seven years been preaching, in the interest of the negro, the absolute sufficiency of mere instinct to enable a man to use the franchise both for his own interest and that of the community, are now accounting for the hostility of the Democratic party to all social and political reform by the enormous amount of ignorance in its ranks; which shows that the world moves.

THE MORALS OF THE FUTURE

THE practical results of the discussion about the genesis of morals which has been raging for some time, and to which Mr. Lecky's book has given a strong stimulus, will perhaps prove more interesting to the mass

of people than the discussion itself. Of course, it is to every intelligent and reflective man a question of great moment whence he draws his sense of right and wrong; whether he derives it from an inner light, or from revelation or experience. But to a man's friends and neighbors, and to legislators and philanthropists, the important point in his moral or mental condition is, after all, not so much how he came to have a conscience as whether he has one; and, if so, what kind of thing it is. There is in actual life, as Mr. Lecky has pointed out, little or no difference between a utilitarian and an intuitionist. The utilitarian who refrains from murdering his enemy under a rule drawn from human experience of the injurious effects of murder on the community at large, is just as valuable a citizen as the intuitionist who refrains under a rule prescribed by an innate moral sense, because it is found, on the whole, that one regards murder with about as much horror as the other.

But, then, the fact is that up to our time the mass of mankind have been, in their own estimation, intuitionists; that is, the generally accepted rules of morality, from whatever source they may have been derived, have been to them ultimate facts, behind which they did not go, and which they conceived to be incapable of modification. Nobody but a few philosophers has hitherto concerned himself with the origin of his dislike to theft. Everybody knew it was wrong; that it was disapproved of by the community; that the commission of it would be followed by disgrace, and perhaps by imprisonment and damnation. The old Scotch judge who warned the prevaricating witness "that the eye of Almighty God and of the police of Edinburgh was upon him," appealed to motives by which the great body of every community has always been influenced, no matter how, when, or where morals began. The popular belief has been, too, that the moral standard is unchangeable, and that the differences in the moral code of different countries are due not to external circumstances, but to difference in light.

One of the most striking phenomena of the last twenty years has, however, been the "popularization," as it is called, of all sorts of speculation. Everybody has taken to "dabbling" a little in everything, and some of the ablest scientific men of the day devote a large part of their time to providing pools and swimming-baths, so to speak, of philosophic water in which the common run of people can splash about without getting out of their depth. Instead of talking literature and art—"Shakespeare and the musical glasses"—parlor conversation runs on the spectrum analysis or the correlation of forces and "the science of religion;" and what is, perhaps, more serious than all—the old theological basis of morals having lost a good deal of its hold on the popular mind—great numbers of people who were formerly content with being good now occupy themselves with the enquiry, "What is good? and why should we be good?"—not, of course, novel questions, but novel as *popular* questions. It must be admitted, too, that the utilitarian test begins to be applied to acts by vast numbers of persons who are not competent to manage an instrument of so much delicacy. When a man like Mr. Lecky makes a mistake as to its very nature, we may guess what results it is likely to give in the hands of the masses when applied, for instance, to such obscure cases as the guilt or innocence of abortion, and many other self-regarding acts. Abortion was, though condemned by the Stoics, only converted into a crime by the Church; and wherever the transcendental morality of the Church declines in strength, and the utilitarian spirit gains ground, it seems to resume its old place amongst the acts of simply doubtful morality. We might, of course, multiply these illustrations almost indefinitely.

What will, perhaps, be most interesting to watch in the present crisis will be the effect on the popular mind of familiarity with the *history* of morals—familiarity which such works as those of Denis and Lecky are doing much to spread. It must be remembered, as we have said, that the popular impression in every country has been, down to our day, that the distinction between virtue and vice existed from the beginning as seen in our own day; that the line, though constantly disregarded, never disappeared; that, in short, as Mackintosh remarked, no additions had ever been made to the base of morality. Now, the history of morals, as recently written, does not show that there ever was a time when what we call wrong was called right by the moralists of the period; but it does show that the *arrangement* of the virtues—or, in other words, the ideal man—has varied greatly in different ages, and varied so much as, for practical purposes, to make serious modifications in the moral standard. In other words, it shows that there has been a fashion in virtues as in garments—one holding the first place in one age, and the other in another age. As Mr. Lecky has pointed out, dignity, courage, self-respect, and public spirit stood foremost in pagan Greece and Rome; gentleness, humility, self-abasement, and

charity in the early Christian period; self-restraint and self-denial in the second stage of the Church's history. The rise of the Christian warrior in the feudal period, and the appearance of his offspring, the modern gentleman, again brought the pagan virtues to the front rank; but the gentleman once more begins to fall into the background, and the democratic age on which we are entering is setting up an ideal character of its own, which will differ in many important respects from any that has gone before it. What is to be feared now is that the popular belief in the binding force of all rules of morals, or in the absolute value of every type of excellence, will, for a while at least, be greatly shaken by familiarizing the popular mind with the evanescence of all types. We cannot invite the public in to assist at an analytical examination of the machinery by which the world has been kept in order without destroying the public reverence for it, without raising the suspicion in many minds that the vices of to-day may be the virtues of to-morrow; or, to adopt the theory of morals which the French moralists now preach with great freedom, and which carries them an immense way beyond Bentham—"that there is neither vice nor virtue, evil nor good, beauty nor ugliness; what goes under these names are traditions received, and usages adopted, by the society in which one lives," as one of them expressed it the other day.

We can already see under our eyes, to-day, the growth of the classification of virtues by which the world will probably live during the next century or two at all events. The virtue of brotherly kindness—or, to express it in a more familiar way, of good nature—is evidently to take the foremost place. It has already all but taken the foremost place in the Northern States of the Union at least. The just, austere, proud, and truthful man, who monopolized the admiration of the last two or three centuries, still, to be sure, receives a fair share of praise, but it is faint praise, and he becomes more and more an object of popular dislike. The kindly man, on the other hand—the man who is ready to help everybody, who speaks well of everybody, who shuts his eyes to people's faults, who avoids making distinctions, moral or other, between men—rises every day more and more into favor. If with this quality he combines energy, and, through success in trade or commerce, has the power of displaying his kindness, he becomes the real paladin of our day—will be the good man of the twentieth century.

One marked peculiarity of the rising moral type is, that it eschews what we may call long views of a man's career. It insists on our taking him year by year, and judging him, say, by the last two or three years of his existence. When society was more settled than it is now, and classes rigidly defined, changes of residence and occupation rare—when men, in short, were born into what was called "their station," and seldom rose out of it—a man was usually judged by his whole history. The faults of his youth told against him in his manhood; the faults of his manhood blighted his old age; his *antecedents*, in other words, were all-important. But now that all positions are becoming attainable by all men, the maintenance of this rule is no longer possible, and it has become very unpopular, and is falling into complete disuse. The popular morality is, that is to say, adopting itself to the exigencies of modern society. The *locus penitentie*, instead of being confined to a few of the earlier years of a man's career, may be said to cover the whole of it up to the age of fifty; and the length of time which a man has to submit to public inspection in order to secure public confidence and respect may be said to be shorter the further one goes West. A good many years or equivalent deeds are still necessary in the Eastern States: but by the time one gets out to Colorado or Montana, one finds that it is considered cruel and unfair to bring up against a well-behaved man his thefts or forgeries even of the previous year.

The social advantages of this arrangement are obvious. There can be no greater incentive to reform than the possibility of occupying as good a place in the public estimation as if one had never fallen; and probably millions will be brought into the ways of virtue under the new democratic régime who, under the old rule, would have become irreclaimably vicious. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether specimens of the highest type of character will hereafter be as numerous as they once were. An age in which a man who has stolen and repented is held in just as much esteem as a man who at any time would sooner have died than steal, though, perhaps, nearer the Christian ideal, can hardly be expected to produce as many cases of the loftiest moral excellence as those more exacting ages in which society insisted on lifelong purity as the price of its respect. That nobody, as the Latin poet has said, ever became a rascal all at once, is a very good deduction from principles of human nature, but not a whit better than the corresponding maxim that no one becomes good all at once. Even those cases of sudden conversion, which do undoubtedly

occur under religious influence, consist rather in the formation of a strong determination to resist temptation than in the hearty abhorrence of evil. If we can imagine—to employ a rough illustration—the effect on chastity of a state of things in which a woman who had lost her virtue, but afterwards began to live well, should stand as high in the popular estimation as a woman who had always lived purely, we may get an idea from it of the probable effect on truthfulness, honesty, and justice of a state of things in which penitent thieves and liars and defrauders will count for as much as those who never stole, lied, or cheated. In short, the number of hopeless cases of vice will be greatly diminished, but the number of brilliant examples of virtue may also be diminished; and even those who shrink least from the future, and have the most confidence in the fortunes of the race, must confess that these were after all God's noblest works, and those of its glories of which humanity can worst bear to be shorn.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 25, 1869.

THE House of Lords, as I ventured to anticipate, has passed the second reading of the Irish Church Bill, to the satisfaction of moderate men and the disappointment of extreme parties. It is difficult to say whether its rejection was most ardently desired by those who fancied that the decision of the country might be reversed, or by those who wanted to see a collision between the Lords and the country, with a view to the possible consequence of some decided change in the constitution of the former. For my part, I rejoice with many people in the event, for the simple reason, which I have frequently expressed, that time enough has been already wasted on a measure which, though important, is not of the most vital importance, and has occupied too much attention. We are soon to be relieved of a nightmare which has been weighing on our spirits for two years. Moreover, had the measure been rejected, I cannot think that it would have led to more than a good deal of bluster on both sides, and a final giving way with some loss of prestige, of the House of Lords.

The debate demands some notice, though I am not about to follow the arguments alleged for the hundredth time. It was remarkable for the talent displayed on both sides; and the observation has been made that the Upper House, in spite of all that has been said against it, can yet deal with a great question worthily, and can make a better show of eloquence than its rival. The discussion of so threadbare a topic was a great trial; yet the Lords succeeded in investing it with a new interest, and once more reviving a controversy which seemed to have died into hopeless languor. The bishops won some of the chief successes. The two foremost were the Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Thirlwall) and the Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Magee). Dr. Thirlwall is almost the only representative on the bench of a variety of ecclesiastic which was common in earlier years. A thorough scholar, an eminent historian, and a man of conspicuously vigorous and liberal understanding, he is almost alone among his brethren. We no longer make bishops of such material. The bench is generally ascended by good parish clergymen with a genius for respectability and an instinct which guides them safely through the various shoals of heresy on the right hand and on the left. They are good men of business, excellent parish priests, of most unimpeachable morality; but not calculated to take a prominent part in the intellectual contests of the day. Dr. Thirlwall is, I fear, almost the last representative of an older and manlier type; and he spoke with singular force in favor of the bill. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is universally respected for his zeal and liberality, but by no means equally remarkable for intellectual power, was the only one of his brethren who voted on the same side. The Bishop of Peterborough, who is a recent appointment, gained immense applause by his speech in support of the Church. He has long been known as a popular preacher and a good speaker on platforms. His speech the other night raised him at once to a very high rank as a Parliamentary orator, and, though the argument was rather ingenious than profound, excited extraordinary enthusiasm. The galleries, forgetting the ordinary decorum of the House, burst into applause, and all subsequent speakers vied with each other in paying compliments to one of the most effective speeches of modern times. Many other speakers were worthy rivals of these ecclesiastical orators. The law-lords, especially Lord Cairns and the Chancellor, Lord Hatherley, spoke well and weightily. The regular party leaders were perhaps scarcely up to the mark. Lord Granville was plausible and conciliatory as ever, but a little afraid of his audience; Lord Derby shows that the fire for which he was once distinguished has begun to yield to age. The only telling part of a long and rather extreme speech, in which he even suggested that the Queen should interpose her veto, was a peroration referring

to the approaching end of his political and probably of his natural life. An exaggerated expression of loyalty, to the effect that he had received favors from the Queen which deserved the devotion of his whole life, was not out of character nor ungraceful, though it would be very difficult to say what favors the Queen has bestowed which he could not have naturally demanded. However, one must not look too closely at the loyal sentiments of an aged peer. The Marquis of Salisbury raised his high reputation by one of the ablest speeches in the debate, which, indeed, went far to settle the question; when so staunch a Conservative declared that the verdict of the late elections must be accepted, it was evident that resistance was hopeless. It is needless to continue the catalogue of speakers; but, in addition to those I have mentioned, there were many able orators, and the general level of the debate was undoubtedly high—probably indeed much superior to that in the House of Commons.

If, however, any one should argue from their excellence as orators that the peers are likely to exercise a corresponding influence, he would be making a very rash inference. They have perhaps raised their reputation for talent, but not for power. The highest compliment we can pay them is to say that they have had enough common sense to know the practical limits of their authority. Indeed, when we look a little closer, it will not appear that a vote in the House of Peers is entitled to much respect, in spite of individual talents. It may be true that there are as many men of ability in the Upper as in the Lower House; but the ablest speakers in the recent debate, with two or three exceptions, were the bishops and the lawyers; that is to say, men whose seat in the House has been the reward of some kind of personal eminence. If the hereditary peers alone had spoken, there would not have been half-a-dozen orators deserving of notice. This, the debating excellence of the House, is the product of its least characteristic part—of the men who have only life-seats (the bishops) and of those who have won their entrance by the hard battle of professional life. This minority of distinguished members enables the House to make a creditable display on grand occasions, but it cannot atone for the fact that the great majority are men who have no other qualification for legislating than that of being their fathers' children. A legislative body cannot have much moral weight, however able some of its members may be, when we know that its decisions may be swayed by a mass of respectable game-preservers and landed proprietors, who often do not enter its doors once in a session. A stupid member in the Commons at least represents the opinions of a fraction of his fellow-countrymen; but a stupid peer represents nothing except himself. It is plain that the main weight of a body with no constituencies at its back must come from its claims to the possession of superior wisdom. Now, some peers may be wise, and many clever; but the mass are as stupid as the House of Commons, much less devoted to business, and with no body of public opinion behind them. Consequently, they go to the wall, and find, every time they suffer that process, that their importance has been sensibly diminished.

Mr. Bright has got into trouble by expressing these sentiments with a frankness more characteristic of his own temperament than of his ministerial position. He wrote a letter, stating very distinctly that if the peers did not give way, some very unpleasant consequences might follow. This was understood to amount to a threat that if the peers did not disestablish the Church they might have to look after their estates—a new land-law might be still more awkward than a law directed only against the Church. The letter was imprudent; and especially imprudent because it was obviously true. The peers could not but take it as a threat, and, so long as they possess the privileges of an independent chamber, they could not but resent threats. Therefore, I wish he had kept it in his desk or put it into the fire. The only defence has come from the *Spectator*, which has a love of sentimental paradoxes, and declares that no one but a flunkey could object to the letter. No one but a flunkey, it is true, could deny the truth of its opinions; but there are times and seasons to be observed even in expressing truth. Nothing, at any rate, could be less desirable than to rouse unnecessarily a spirit of opposition in the Lords, just as they were beginning to eat their leek quietly and comfortably; a man should be allowed to perform that process, when he has set about it, with as little disturbance as may be; he need not be unnecessarily reminded that if he does not eat it, he shall be made to eat it, and perhaps have something else into the bargain. Mr. Bright, however, will not lose much by his frankness; for, after all, it is pleasant to see that he is in no present danger of being muzzled by his tenure of office.

One good bill has managed to get through the House of Commons this session, and is destined to become law. Mr. Forster has succeeded in passing a fragment of a bill on endowed schools. The object of the measure,

as originally devised, was to establish something like a system of secondary education. The grammar-schools of the country possess very large sums, which have been grossly wasted, owing to the want of any superintending power. There are numbers of schools which have ceased to correspond to the changed requirements of the country, and not a few in which the funds have been systematically jobbed. It was proposed, in the first place, to overhaul the existing endowments, to provide new regulations, and to do away with the innumerable abuses which have grown up; and, in the next place, to appoint a central board, which should hold examinations, and inspect the endowed schools and any others which might be willing to come under the regulations. The first proposal, in spite of some private opposition, has been carried with general applause. The other is beset by some of the characteristic difficulties which hinder so many much-needed reforms. The cry was immediately raised of centralization, and it was declared, very absurdly, that Mr. Forster wished to drill all our schools on a uniform system, so that, as in France, every boy in England might be doing the same lessons at the same hours. I regret to say that this cry is still so strong that a most moderate scheme of school-inspection seems to have a doubtful chance of adoption. Meanwhile, the great schools, such as Eton and Harrow, had been exempted from its proposed operation, lest their opposition should be too powerful. The other schools have objected to come in so long as this distinction was made, and these schools thought themselves much too perfect to need any interference. The matter is therefore pretty much at a stand-still; but I hope and believe that something will be done before long not only to get rid of outstanding abuses, but to provide something like a decent system in future. The fragment of the bill which has been passed is perhaps the most useful result likely to be got out of the session.

RIGHT AND WRONG IN ITALY.

LEGHORN, June 10.

It is precisely twenty years since the Austrians, under General Crenneville, took possession of Leghorn, in the name of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who, like the Pope, had fled to Gaeta. To be ruled by an Austrian proconsul in those days was perhaps the hardest fate that could befall an Italian town; and even those who had grown tired of the political extravagances of the Tuscan democrats could feel no relief in such a change. For Austrian rule was an iron rule; or, to use a truer metaphor, a leaden and hempen rule. Shooting and whipping for the resisting, imprisonment for the suspected, espionage and vexation for all. And as, in passing judgment, the Austrians relied like women on their intuitive powers, they often dispensed with the tedious preliminaries of a trial, and their hand struck, like the hand of fate, the guilty and the innocent. Moreover, who could help being guilty, when cowards and traitors alone were thought innocent?

It is needless to dwell on the changes that have taken place since those memorable days. Austria has become a free country; is shaking her fist at the Pope, and has fraternized with Italy. Emperor and King have exchanged decorations and special missions. General Möring has been lionized at Florence; and, if no "offensive" alliance has been concluded as yet, there can be no doubt about the *entente cordiale*, which is an established fact. Now, then, is the time for seeing the old places again, thought old Crenneville, and started on a tour through the Peninsula, which, of course, he could not leave without having had a peep at the place where he once was king, and more than king.

And why should he not? Unless he carries about Vienna sausages in his portmanteau, he may freely pass even the gates of Leghorn. Those useful documents, where the length of one's nose and the color of one's beard were registered, and on which the General himself must have shed much ink in his palmy days, have long since become relics of the past; and, except in Rome, Russia, and Bavaria, no gatekeeper seems to care nowadays for the traveller's name and rank and personal appearance, or even for his religion or the "*Zweck seiner Reise*." So the old General—disguised, of course, in a simple civilian's suit—made his entry into the town. Perhaps his paternal heart rejoiced at finding that, notwithstanding some outward changes in the aspect of the streets, the grinding tooth of time had left so much unchanged in the manners and habits of the people. There were the same slovenly women as of yore—unkempt, unwashed, and unshod—still sweeping the filthy streets with their majestic cotton trains, and making the air resound with the wild clatter of their wooden slippers. And their *dolci accenti*, successfully vieing with the yells of numberless children, have lost nothing yet of that vocal energy which seems to be the summit and the sum of all Italian energies.

Some of the *cafés*, however, are new to the General (and an Austrian has a keen eye for *cafés*); so he steps in, and, putting on his eyeglass, looks enquiringly around, perhaps inwardly enjoying the advantages of his incognito. But, alas! some memories are long. Somebody has recognized that German face among so many Jews and Greeks and Italians. It may have been the son or brother or friend of one of those whose death-warrant the Austrian signed in 1849. Or, it is possible that somebody else, while sipping his coffee in that same room, felt the wounds on his back smart again—wounds inflicted by the same hand twenty years ago. Certain it is that, from that moment, the General's movements were watched from morning till night, and his incognito was at an end.

I think Count Crenneville never did at Leghorn what Haynau and Radetzky did in Milan—he never inflicted corporal punishment upon women; but it is well known that he did not spare the backs of the Leghorn men, not knowing or not duly considering that of all punishments this is the one which an Italian will not brook. You may flourish your knife or point your revolver at an Italian with some chance of success; but if you give him a blow or a slap he will "bite his thumb" at you, like Rigoletto, and go home to whet his poniard. I am at a loss to explain this; not because the trait itself, taken in the abstract, requires any explanation, but because this trait is found among the essential features of the Italian character, which is not conspicuous for pride or manliness, or even for that parody of manliness called chivalry.

The increased frequency of duels lately observed goes far to show that the natural character of the Italians is, like everything else in the Peninsula, undergoing certain changes, and it would be false philosophy to deny that, in history, change means progress, and that duelling is a vast improvement on the time-honored use of the dagger and the poisoned ring. But I feel convinced that most of these Italian duels are due to a certain youthful love of *éclat*, or, more frequently still, to a want of moral courage and an undue regard for public opinion. The incidental circumstance that the nucleus of the Italian army was Piedmontese, that, like Garibaldi's volunteers, it represented a political party, accounts for most of the duels fought in Italy since '59. But this is accidental and transient, and I venture to predict that the duel will never take root in Italy. The Italians are too vindictive to find gratification in the tardy and subdued excitement of a duel, and too shrewd to stultify themselves with the belief that its uncertain issues could ever afford any satisfaction to the injured party. When the now habitual contempt for law and for authority has died out (which it must in a generation), the lawyer's nature which lies dormant in every Italian will come out in full force, and offended honor may then learn to seek and to find satisfaction in the courts of justice. That mediæval aristocratic pride which invented the so-called code of honor can never have been a characteristic feature of the Italian character. You seldom hear the word *pride* in Italian conversation, and the "*onore*" of the lower classes seems to come nearest to the "honor" of the helots of Lacedæmon. It is not easy, therefore, to account for the maddening effect of a blow on such a people, and we are forced to admit here the existence of a real national idiosyncrasy, which, like all idiosyncrasies, should be treated by everybody with judicious consideration.

But what did an Austrian general of 1849 know or care about Italian idiosyncrasies? Like a Russian drill-sergeant who distributes the band instruments among the recruits, fixing the precise date on which the son of the steppe must have learned to play the clarinet or the cornet, the Austrian martinet dealt out his Teutonic penalties among a race which may, in truth, be called a race of spoilt children, unused to any discipline or chastisement, though sorely standing in need of both. He did it at his own risk. He sowed sticks and reaped daggers. The soil on which such a crop grows must indeed be black, and the atmosphere that can preserve it unwithered for twenty years must be ungenial and cold, like the air of catacombs. Yet these things are, and it is no bravery to act as if they were not. The General was duly warned by the authorities of the danger to which a prolonged stay in Leghorn would expose him. He continued, however, to show himself in the streets and in the *cafés* for several days, and at last left only for Pisa, possibly from sheer regard for the Leghorn authorities, who had taken the trouble of appointing an invisible body-guard of detectives for the General's protection. But what of that, poor Crenneville? You may find it easy to elude the Italian police, but you cannot elude that man with the sore back who has been dogging you all these days; for he can afford a journey to Pisa as well as you.

In a day or two Count Crenneville came back to embark for Genoa. M. Ingherami, the Austrian Consul-General—an old, venerable man, who is said to have had no enemies in Leghorn—accompanied his countryman to

the landing-place. There the assassin struck his intended victim, who fell to the ground bleeding and fainting, though not dead; and the Consul, while stooping over him, received four stabs, levelled by no means hastily at different parts of his body. The General escaped with a slight though disfiguring wound. The Consul died in a few minutes. The murderer, it is needless to say, was not caught.

Now all this is perhaps very stale news on your side of the Atlantic, even though it may not have been deemed worthy of the honors of the Cable. The facts are, at first sight, of no extraordinary interest. Nor have they any political bearings, and will no doubt, in the present state of international relations, lead to nothing but official condolences and promises and renewed assurances of good-will. But to the psychologist, or to the student of national character, this case, with all its concomitant circumstances, cannot fail to be interesting. The papers say that a few days after this event several persons were arrested. Whether they had anything to do with the bloody deed, or whether they are to act as international scapegoats for a few months, I know not. It is averred, however, that the murderer is among them, and that he is one of those who, twenty years ago, were made to feel the rod of the Austrian provost-general. If my ideas on the Italian idiosyncrasy of aversion to corporal punishment are correct, the intended *vendetta* in this case is accounted for and psychologically intelligible. But what could have prompted the murderer, who must have thought his victim dead, to stab deliberately an innocent old man, whom he knew to be there in his official quality as Austrian consul, I am quite unable to guess. All I can conclude is, that this man must have deserved the whipping which he received in 1849, and that his parents probably never gave him half his due when the brute in him was still a toothless and clawless cub.

Highly characteristic for Italy is the way in which such events are viewed and spoken of by the public and by the press. There is, of course, no lack of indignation and sincere regret, but it is often expressed in such a canting manner, and in the form of such trivial truisms, that it produces on the foreign hearer or reader not seldom a ludicrous effect. When, last autumn, murders were committed at Ravenna at the rate of one or two a week, the citizens of Ravenna had a long and eloquent protest published in the papers, lest they might be thought so many abettors and accomplices. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*. Probably they never heard of the California vigilance committees and their silent doings. The Leghorn people, too, have "protested," though I can hardly make out against what or whom.

Nevertheless, there was on this occasion an ill-concealed and perhaps not altogether unjustifiable disposition on the part of the press to give prominence to the extenuating circumstances of the case. Particularly amusing was the disguised pleading of the *Nazione*, an ably-managed and respectable paper. "When General Haynau" (so the article began) "was assailed and maltreated by the workmen of a London brewery, a general feeling of indignation prevailed throughout Europe." "How much greater" (the writer went on to say) "must our indignation be on this occasion!" I should think so. But if the writer wished to insinuate that Italy was, after all, not the only country where the Austrian heroes of 1849 cannot travel with safety, his rhetorical trick cannot have misled many readers. I am at a loss to find a *tertium comparationis* between the two cases. Haynau was a whipper of women; Crenneville was not. Haynau was whipped; Crenneville was stabbed. The London brewers administered their paternal chastisement in broad daylight; the Italian wreaked his vengeance in the dusky twilight of a rainy evening. The sturdy brewers committed a rough act of poetic justice for wrongs done to others; while the Italian only thought of himself, and, apparently having tasted blood, became altogether a brute, not knowing where to stop. Perfect confusion of ideas and perverseness of sentiment would alone enable one to detect any similarity in the two cases, except, of course, the fact that both victims were Austrian generals. Nor is the *Nazione* right in saying that Haynau's fate excited anything like general indignation in Europe. "Served him right!" would be a far more accurate expression of the then prevailing sentiment; and the writer knows this too.

But if such looseness of thought and sentiment may be found among the best of the land, what can you expect of the lower and lowest orders in Italy? It may be fairly doubted whether those seventeen millions of citizens who can neither read nor write, but only vote (though they won't do even that), have any tolerably clear idea—not of what is right and wrong (for that is often a puzzling question), but what the words "right" and "wrong" mean. It is painful to have to make such a remark; but it is more painful still to see the incredible perversity and the vitiated in-

stincts of this undoubtedly gifted people. The only rule which seems to guide an Italian mob in deciding which party is right and which is wrong—that is to say, which party is to be applauded and protected, and which to be hooted and bullied—is simply this: The prosecuting party, especially when an authority, is always in the wrong; the defendant, especially when a transgressor of a police law, is always in the right. For instance, a woman wishes to smuggle some salt meat through the San Miniato gate of Florence. The meat is ill-concealed under her clothes. The excise officials catch and detain her; whereupon the woman begins to scream so frightfully that a large crowd gathers quickly around the gate. The merits of the case are quite clear. King Mob disposes summarily that the woman must be set at liberty, and the loyal officials, for the sake of peace, obey at once. But this act of complaisance does not suffice to calm the multitude, whose moral sense had been outraged by the arrest of the smuggler. The crowd increases, and, for strategical reason best known to themselves, they begin a regular siege. The frightened officials take refuge in the tower which crowns the gateway, and, having waited there for half an hour in the natural but vain hope of being released by the police, they at last resolved on firing a couple of blank pistol-shots high up into the blue air, which had the remarkable effect of dispersing the besieging multitude in less than a minute. Still, the crowd had had their will, and the piece of salt pork was on the wrong side of the city wall.

It is the same in cases of real crime. The sympathies of the Italian populace are with the murderer because he is, in their eyes, the victim of the authorities. One exception I remember, and it is but fair that I should mention it here. When a respectable tradesman in Florence had killed his neighbor (about three months ago) the populace actually hooted and hissed him even at the moment of his arrest. But then, the prisoner had killed the lover of his wife; and is not that a crime too?

Correspondence.

WHY THE CIVIL SERVICE HAS RUN DOWN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your thoughtful article in this week's *Nation* on "The Wages in the Public Service" errs in saying that "the Comptroller therefore now gets \$3,600" by the addition of twenty per cent. to his salary. That per centum ceased with the year that gave it birth; the law expired by its own limitation at the end of the fiscal year. The Comptroller now receives nominally \$3,000, the same salary his predecessor received in 1790; but he really gets but \$2,900, as Government retains five per cent. tax on the excess of all salaries over \$1,000.

Two causes have operated to deteriorate the Civil Service since 1860. The first is the large employment of soldiers. There is no connection between the bravery of the field and clerical ability. The qualities that compose the latter are antagonistic to those that form the other. The second is the low wages. The average pay of a Washington clerk is \$1,450, from which the tax must be deducted; and that in a city where the expenses of living are higher than in any city on the American continent. It is impossible for a clerk to maintain a family decently on that sum. The bricklayers of this city, whose social expenses are much lower than the clerks', receive \$4.50 and \$5 per diem, or as high, or higher, wages than the clerk. The effect of this low class of wages is twofold. Private business tempts the best clerks away by higher pay; the poorest, who are unable to earn as much out of office, all remain. And most existing vacancies are filled up by unmarried young men completing their studies. The law and medical classes of Columbia College, Georgetown College, and Howard University are mainly composed of clerks who are paying their way while completing their education. Contemplating only a two or three years' residence here, they do not have that interest in their occupation that those do who take it as their life-work. W. R. H.

WASHINGTON, July 10, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE occasion of dedicating a monument to his memory gave the friends of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck an opportunity to testify their admiration for his genius—for he had genius—their respect for his fine character, and their affection for him as a friend. The ceremonies were simple. A poem written by Dr. O. W. Holmes was read by General James Grant Wilson, for many years an attached friend of the poet, and recently his

biographer; then an address was delivered by Mr. Bayard Taylor, who also was one of Halleck's familiar acquaintances. Mr. Taylor began by declaring that he for his part rejected the claim that we have an equal share with the English in Chaucer and Shakespeare; they belong to our language, but not to us as a people. The literal fact is, no doubt, that they are poets neither foreign to us nor domestic, but between the two; and it is only as a nation and not as "a people" that we can be said to have no property in them. Mr. Taylor went on to show how it is that America could not be expected to produce a poet during her first struggle with the severe duties of clearing the wilderness, and spoke of the nearly simultaneous rise of Dana, Halleck, and Bryant more than a century after the country was possessed by white men. Of these three earliest of American poets who were poets in fact as well as in name, Halleck was the first to die; it was peculiarly fitting, then, that a monument should be raised to his memory. Mr. Taylor then proceeded to a vindication of the office of the poet; spoke happily of Mr. Bryant and Mr. Dana, and happily, also, of Halleck, though without any parade of accurate criticism; and so closed an address which was, perhaps, a little too fine in places, but was nevertheless successful. A hymn having been sung at the end of the oration, the company dispersed. The monument is an obelisk of white granite, about seventeen feet high, standing on a pedestal on which is inscribed the poet's own words: "One of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die." On the front of the shaft is his name, the dates which tell the years of his birth and death—"1790-1867"—a laurel leaf, and the letters Alpha and Omega; and on the other sides of it respectively are a harp and lighted torches, the names of his parents, and the name of a brother who died in infancy. Thus the monument to his honor as a poet may be said to commemorate also the family affection which was a marked trait in his character. His only sister, whose name is familiar to the reader of Halleck's correspondence, survives him, and is eighty years old.

—By a mistake of the proof-reader we were made to say in the last *Nation*, speaking of the *Citizen*, that the merging of the *Round Table* in it would not give a tincture of literature to its politics. The sentence should have read, "Doubtless the merging of the *Round Table* in it will now give a tincture of literature to its politics."

—The authorities of the Boston Public Library are trying to make a collection of all that was anywhere printed in relation to the recent Jubilee. They want everything—book, newspaper, broadside, pamphlet, engraving, music, what not—and will, without blenching, preserve the most dastardly of the attacks that were made upon the festival and the city by foreign detractors, and also the defences and rebukes which were put forth by the local press. Melancholy it was to some devoted friends of Boston to hear the querulousness of the town which they had never before doubted was the Hub of the universe and not "provincial" at all. But to the shaming of local posterity, all these expostulatory utterances are to be preserved for ever. The authorities of the Library also inform librarians that a certain circular, containing thirty questions relative to library economy and experience, which they sent to libraries in this country and Europe, remains unanswered by seventy of the American institutions to which it was addressed. It is to be hoped, says the notice to which we are indebted for our information, that all libraries interested in tabulating information which will be published for the benefit of all, may be willing to assist in collecting it. And no library is so small that its statistics are not of some value—if to no one else, to those who are managing similar institutions, and to those who contemplate providing some such, and wish to know exactly what it is best to do.

—The Long Island Historical Society—an active and enterprising body, by the way, which puts to shame some older historical societies that could be mentioned—has issued a circular, in which it calls attention to the fact that it has received a communication from the committee of the "Palestine Exploring Fund" of London, which requests that a society with the exploration of the Holy Land for its object should be formed in this country. The English society is not yet rich enough to do anything like the work which needs to be done, and wants assistance. All the region beyond Jordan, and Phœnicia also, are imperfectly known to the student world, and still, says Mr. Emmanuel Deutsch, have additions to make to our knowledge of the Hebrews, Phœnicians, and other Semitic peoples. Then, too, the fauna and flora of the country, its geology, the surveys for maps, and the identification of sacred cities, all invite attention. To this part of the proposed work, however little they might be interested in the more scholarly part of it, our American congregations might very likely

feel disposed to give one sermon a year, we should say, and one Sunday's "collection," and it would be well if those who wish to see a society formed were to call the attention of the religious world to the matter. Meantime, till a society of some kind shall be in existence, Mr. George Hannah, Librarian of the L. I. Historical Society, consents to forward to the London committee any American contributions that may be made. Lieutenant Warren, at work in Jerusalem, ought to have at once a force of laborers ten times greater than he has been employing, but instead of that he has recently been compelled to dismiss half his people.

—A clearer case of the veteran lagging superfluous on the stage was never afforded than in the existence for the last few years of the *National Intelligencer*—once, and not long ago, a name that had almost as much of the solidly venerable about it as a full-bound volume of Statutes at Large. Many a Whig child grew up to youth, twenty and thirty years ago, with an unexpressed, vague feeling that, failing Congress and the President, the *National Intelligencer* could carry on the Government alone, and would be able to make it a successful copy of the best features of the Spartan and Athenian and Roman commonwealths, of which it used to tell us in its own dignified, weighty, and statesmanlike, not to say fearfully stupid, periods. Founded in 1800 as a weekly paper to support Jeffersonianism, it at once became an "organ," and an organ it remained to the end of its days—never being of any value as a newspaper, but speaking with potential voice the texts on which party orators enlarged from the stump and party editors from the sanctum, giving cues to caucuses, publishing the "efforts" of the "most distinguished men of our country," giving us the President's messages, and, generally, being ponderously political after the fashion of the old times. It was in 1807, if we are not mistaken, that it became a daily paper; and it was not till 1824, after the days of Madison and Monroe, that it became definitely Whig, following the fortunes of Henry Clay, and doing not a little to make them so far as they were made; for there is no doubt that in those days the political essays that we should find unendurable were a power in the land. It was in Madison's time, by the way, that Admiral Cockburn assisted to sack and burn the *Intelligencer* office, being extremely angry with the journal because of its bitter attacks on him personally; it held him responsible for all the maraudings of the British sailors who used to come ashore in Chesapeake Bay. Mr. Gales—"Old Joe Gales"—and Mr. Seaton, his brother-in-law, co-proprietor, and co-editor, were the managers of the paper from the beginning. It is told of the former to this day, and once it used to be told reverentially, that "on a certain occasion Daniel Webster pointed to Mr. Gales, and said, 'There is a man who knows more political history than any other man in this country;'" which was probably true, for he knew all The Founders; may very probably have chewed, smoked, snuffed, and drunk with every one of them who indulged himself in these particulars, and in one way or another he was a part of nearly all the political intriguing and combining that was done in the United States. The stories he might have told us are a great loss to the political history of the half-century before the war. Besides his intimate acquaintance with our politics and politicians, it is no doubt true that he was a writer of ability, and that he made his paper good of its kind. But, by and-by, the Democratic party got itself pretty firmly fastened into the places of power; the editors began to get old, the old times began to fade away; there seemed to be a time coming when the world would not be parcelled out precisely into Whig and Democrat, and the *Intelligencer* began to languish and decay. By the time Mr. Buchanan was installed, the Whig child above-mentioned may very likely have known the name of his *National Intelligencer* better as a familiar means of testing the sobriety of drinkers than in any other way. For the last eight years, during which it has been in the hands of Mr. Coyle, it has been slowly dying—without influence and without anybody's respect, though it had the good offices of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Seward. It was hopelessly out of joint with the times, and no one will regret it unless the Oldest Resident of Washington, and the gentlemen in the *Courier* office in Boston, and here and there an old Southern Whig who still hates a Democrat in a way which proves that we are not all of us humanitarianized into milk and water.

—Of late English books in Theology, none is at once of general interest and of marked ability. "The Gospel in the Law," by Mr. Charles Taylor, is "a critical examination of the citations from the Old Testament in the New." The Hulsean (Cambridge) Lectures for 1868, the work of J. G. Stewart Perowne, are now published in book form, under the title "Immortality." "The Corean Martyrs" is the title of a book which records the lives, works, and sufferings, among the fiercest of the Chinese heathen, of nine French Roman Catholic missionary priests who, with some of their

disciples, were murdered by the natives some three years ago. The second series of Mr. G. S. Bowes's "Illustrative Gatherings" has reached a second edition. It is described as a commonplace-book made up from the works of serious and religious writers. Such books are best when made by one's self; and it is a pity that the manual labor of writing is so great that most people depend for them upon printed works like this of Mr. Bowes's, which, however good they may be, want the vitality of interest which belongs to one's own selections. This same matter of the manual labor of writing as a hindrance to the progress of civilization, has not had sufficient consideration, or some sort of a machine might have been devised, one would suppose, to relieve us of the burden. Perhaps—to leave Theology, which this month offers us nothing more than we have mentioned—we may find that a Mr. Murdo Young is the benefactor for whom we have been wishing; among the works to be classed as Miscellaneous we notice a book of which he is the author, and of which the title-page runs as follows: "Readable Short-hand Self-Taught: being a System by which People can teach themselves to write the longest word without lifting the pen, read what they write, and correspond with friends at home or abroad, on pleasure or business: it embraces a double set of Vowels, with liquid Consonants grafted on the other letters, together with a Diagram of Dots and a Combination of Words in most familiar use into Ready Sentences: the whole forming a system of Readable Short-hand Shortened." To teach one's self "to write the longest word without lifting the pen," does not seem to be very much, to be sure; and for people to be able "to read what they write" seems not very much more; still the book may probably be worth attention. It is a little two-and-sixpenny duodecimo. Other miscellaneous books are these: Mr. Elihu Burritt's "Lectures and Speeches"—a volume containing many of the works of that gentleman since 1869. We are pleased, by the way, to see that there is to be a new and complete edition of Mr. Burritt's books, which are all pleasant, in virtue of their author's good qualities of character. And, by the way again, it was not very agreeable news which came a week or two since, and informed us that Mr. Burritt had been removed from the consulship which he has held for so many years, and—if we may say so, without having personal knowledge of the facts—which he filled in a satisfactory manner. Messrs. W. Gartin & Co. publish a volume of reports on the patent nekrozoic process of embalming—if embalming is the word to apply to a process which consists in merely washing over the tissues which it is desired to preserve. The reports represent the antiseptic liquid as being very efficacious, and we believe they could hardly err on the side of too great positiveness in this respect; it was last summer, if we recollect, when some of our American surgeons tested the process severely, and pronounced it perfect. The New Jersey editors who are interested in the question of reclaiming the better part of that State from the ocean, may perhaps find matter for reflection in the "History of the Fens of South Lincolnshire," by Mr. W. H. Wheeler. Jewellers and engravers would doubtless profit by reading Mr. D. E. Berri's "Monograms, Historical and Practical," and other decorative artists and artisans may get something of good from Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste." Mr. Banting's "Letter on Corpulence"—which became famous in England at a rate that was a little surprising to us emaciated, atrophied Americans—has gone into a fourth edition—very large editions, too, some of them have been—with prefatory remarks, and a number of letters from grateful correspondents whom the author induced to "bant," and who found much benefit in so doing. One lady, we are informed, is "full of gratitude and thanks because she has lost a double chin" by following out the alderman's judicious dietary system.

—In English Fiction there is nothing very noticeable. Mr. W. Ralston, our novel-readers will be glad to hear, has translated "Liza" from the Russian of Ivan Turgeneff; and there is a new book for children which merits mention among the books for the elders, because it contains illustrations by Oscar Pietsch, whose children are always excellent. Mr. Bracebridge Hemyng is said to have made a success hardly to have been expected in his novel of "The Favorite Scratched; or, The Spider and the Fly"—a story that will please the lovers of "Guy Livingstone" and the like. In History and Biography we have Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne's and the Earl of Dundonald's life of Cochrane, the celebrated seaman who was tenth Earl of Dundonald; Max Müller's translation and explanation of the "Rig Veda Samhita;" and the long-promised diary of "Henry Crabb Robinson," which, no doubt, will turn out to be a mine of biography approaching in interest the Life of Landor, which has just been republished here by Fields, Osgood & Co., as also this diary will be. Mr. G. Pascoe Hill, who seems to be a naval chaplain, has written a Life of Napo-

leon III., which is said to be good enough in passages where it deals with such events of the Emperor's life as are known to everybody, and poor enough when it deals with what it finds—and leaves—obscure. It is laudatory. Of books of Poetry we have one or two of interest. Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose poetical works command rather more attention now than ever before, has been revising—and injuring, it is said—the volumes of his which had previously appeared; and now his complete works may be had in a two-volume duodecimo edition. Mr. Austin's satirical poem entitled "The Season"—a sharp attack on the follies and vices of London society, in the manner, now perhaps too much disused, of the days of Pope—is put forth in a new edition. It has been for some years out of print, and is the work of a clever man who does less in literature than his early success and his abilities had led his friends to expect. Mr. Longfellow's poetical works are published by Mr. Moxon in a two-volume edition, with a prefatory essay by Mr. Buchanan, who kindly admits his *protégé* to be something of a poet. However, the conjunction is not so bad as Mr. Swinburne on Coleridge, which we are soon to have—a "Coleridge" that it will be a painful thing to own, as it is to own the "Blake" which Swinburne edited for purposes of his own. The critic of the London *Times*, by the way—Mr. Dallas, we believe it is—talks about Mr. Swinburne, we see, as one of the great poets of the age. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just issued their three-and-sixpenny "Globe" edition of "Pope's Complete Poetical Works," which is spoken of as the best "Pope" ever published, as well as one of the cheapest. It has good notes by various hands, and Mr. Adolphus William Ward's onslaught on the poet and his school—an attack that perhaps more needs to be made in England than in this country, and perhaps hardly much needs to be made anywhere now. "Katharina, her Life and Mine," by Dr. J. G. Holland, is republished in England by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Marston; and we shall probably soon be hearing something more about American literature from the *Saturday Review*. "Bitter-Sweet," strange to say, has never, it appears, been published in England, though it has gone through thirty-odd editions here, and may probably go through some more.

—In our review of Mr. Baldwin's "Pre-Historic Nations," we mentioned the following Phœnician and Carthaginian names as Semitic: Asdrubal, Byrsa, Cabiri, Cadmus, Carthage, Cirta, Gades, Hamilcar, Hannibal, Laish, Melcarth, Sidon, "Sydyk the Just," Tyre, Zama. The Worcester *Spy* doubts the soundness of our view; and as that paper is edited by a writer of merit, we make good our assertion by the citation of leading authorities. It is true, that to tell a tribunal of Orientalists that Hannibal or Carthage, for instance, are Semitic words—the one meaning "Favor (or Favored) of Baal," and the other "New City," would be like telling Indo-European linguists that Gotthold, Gottlieb, and Godfrey are names of Teutonic origin; that John, Jan, Jean, Juan, Johann, and Johannes are modified forms of the Hebrew Johanan—"Favor (or Favored) of Jehovah"; that Neuburg, Neuenburg, Nyborg, and Newburgh are of common derivation and meaning; or that Naples, Napoli, and Nablous are derived from the Greek Neapolis, which means "New City." But as only a small portion of our readers may be presumed to be familiar with Semitic languages and antiquities, and some might be inclined to regard as Greek whatever presents itself to them in a Greek garb, we shall escape the reproach of proving what is universally known. As regards our authorities, we suppose no competent judge would object to our choice. In reality, Gesenius's "Phœnicæ Monumenta" alone ought perfectly to suffice, but we make use here and there of the more recent testimony of Kenrick, Renan, Smith, and Fürst. Want of space compels us to abridge our quotations, and the interest of the general reader to use the Latin letters instead of the Semitic. We omit none of the words mentioned in our review:

ASDRUBAL. Gesenius: "Evidently—Heb. *Ezro-Baal*, whose aid is Baal; compare the Hebrew names *Azriel*, *Azaryah*" (whose aid is God). Renan: "*Azriel* and *Azaryahu*" (Azariah). Smith's Class. Dict. quotes Gesenius. Our readers will remember that the Hebrew *Ezra*, too, is changed into *Esdras*.

BYRSA. Renan: "Name of the citadel of Carthage—(Syriac) *Birtha*, fortress." Kenrick: "The name, which, from its resemblance to the Greek word for *hide*, gave rise to the story of Dido's purchase of as much land as a hide would cover, is Phœnician, and denotes a fortress." Smith: "A mere etymological legend arising from the Hellenized form of the Phœnician name." Compare the Aramaic *Birtha* (capitol or capital), applied in Ezra (vi. 2) to the acropolis, or possibly to the whole, of the capital of Media.

CABIRI. Gesenius: "—Heb. *Kabbirim*, the mighty, *θεοι μεγάλοι*, by which name they are often designated." Fürst: *Kabbirim* (in Sancho-

nianthion . . . Καβειροι), a name of the seven sons of Tzadik . . . in Phœnician mythology."

CADMUS. Gesenius: "A Phœnician of fabulous antiquity . . . Compare Heb. *Kedem*, meaning both East and ancient time." Compare also the Chaldee *kadmay*, eastern, and the name of the *Cadmonites*, a people "of Phœnician race" (Fürst), who, like the Beney Kedem, seem to have been renowned for their genius, for even David quoted a "proverb of the Cadmonite" (*mesal hakkadmoni*, falsely translated, "proverb of the ancients," 1 Sam. xxiv. 14).

CARTHAGE. Gesenius: "More ancient form, according to Solinus and Stephanus of Byzantium, *Carthada*, or New City." He compares the *KRTHDST* of the coins of ancient Panormus, which Fürst, s. v. *Kereth* (Heb., city) reads "Kereth *Hadeseth* (New Town, Neapolis), Carth-ada(s), an old name for Carthage." Kenrick: "New City." Smith: "New City." This etymology is confirmed by Solinus, who says: *Istam urbem Carthadam Elissa dixit, quod Phœnicum ore exprimit Civitatem Novam.*

CIRTA. Fürst: "—*Kereth*" (Heb., town). See his interesting comparisons.

GADES. Gesenius, Kenrick, Fürst: "Originally *Gadir*—Heb. *Gader*, enclosure."

HAMILCAR. This name is generally brought in connection with that of Melcarth, the Phœnician divinity; but it strikes us it would more naturally be derived from the Semitic *hamal*, to be tender, to pity, to spare, and *kar*, sheep; according to which the compound would signify "Fond of sheep," or "Merciful to sheep." By a remarkable coincidence the two words occur in the same connection in the Hebrew narrative of Saul's sparing the sheep and other live booty taken from the Amalekites (1 Sam. xv. 9). As one of the historical Hamilcars was the son, and another the father, of a Mago, the famous agricultural writings of the unknown Mago may perhaps be taken as an evidence of a fondness for rural pursuits in the founders of the Carthaginian family or families that boasted of those names. The apparently kindred names of Bomilcar and Himileo, however, might possibly be used as an argument against our view.

HANNIBAL. Gesenius: "In inscriptions *HNBAL* (favor of Baal) comp. Heb. *Haniel*" (favor of God). Renan: "—*Johanan*." Smith quotes Gesenius.

LAISH. In Heb., *Layish*, lion. Gesenius: "Arabic and Chaldee, *Layith*." Fürst: "Name of an originally Sidonian colonial city. . . . *Layish* (Phœnician, *Lesh*, *Lish*), i. e., the lion, was sacred to *Eshmûn* (i. e., Æsculapius), denoting the principle of warmth and life. *Eshmûn* . . . was worshipped as *Ασκληπιος λεοντοῦχος* even in Ascalon."

MELCARTH. Gesenius: "The Hercules of the Phœnicians; in inscriptions and on coins, *MLKRT*, King of the city." "Heb., *Melekh Kereth*." Kenrick and Smith: "King of the city." Fürst, s. v. *Kereth*, city: "*Μελικαρδος*, i. e., *Milkart* (—*Milkh-kart*), the name of Hercules among the Phœnicians."

SIDON. Gesenius: "Heb., *Tzidon*, fishery." Renan: "—*Tzidon*, fishery." Fürst: "Phœnician, *Tzidon*." Sidon and Zidon are formed from *Tzidon*, as Sion and Zion are from the Hebrew *Tziyyon*. Compare also the following.

"SYDYK THE JUST." Renan: "Συδικ (*δικαιος*)—*Tzaddik*," in Heb., *just*. Fürst, s. v. *Tzadok*, "just," compares the forms Συδικ and *Sedek* with Heb. *zedek*, justice.

TYRE. In the O. T. *Tzor*. Gesenius, Renan, Fürst: "—Heb. *tzur*, rock."

ZAMA. Gesenius: "Original form in Ptolemy, *Atzama*, fortified" (Heb. *atzam*, to be strong).

A HINDU TRAVELLER IN INDIA.*

THE account of a Hindu tourist's journey through British India ought to possess something of the piquant interest belonging to a picture of the man by the lion. We have had a plenty of descriptions by British travellers, showing us the weaknesses and vices of the native population, and the immense benefits which accrue to it from submission to a foreign yoke; and even when they have contained confessions of a contrary kind, there has always been room to suspect the ingenuousness of the story told us. Here, now, is a work of another character—one which should enable us to see how the structure and working of Indian society appear when looked at through Hindu eyes.

But if such are the anticipations with which we open Bholonauth

* "The Travels of a Hindoo to Various Parts of Bengal and Upper India. By Bholonauth Chunder, Member of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. With an Introduction by J. Talboys Wheeler." In 2 vols. London: N. Trübner & Co. New York: John Wiley & Son. Crown 8vo. 1869.

Chunder's volumes, we shall find ourselves in some measure disappointed. Its author is a very thoroughly Anglicized Hindu—a product of the European civilization which holds sway in Calcutta almost as in a European city. When we stumble upon "Neptune and Æolus" upon the very first page, and discover them to have been the deities who smiled upon the traveller's starting, our illusions fade, and we realize that we must not expect here anything really racy; the flavor of the soil is overpowered by what has been planted upon it. Our author is more a citizen of the world, and less a citizen of India, than we could wish. He speaks slightly of Brahmins and Pandits; the poets he quotes most freely are Byron and Milton, Shakespeare and Scott; he refers to "the Redeemer" as if he were a Christian, and to the Deist, who "shall yet laugh at us all," as if a free-thinker. He writes English with much ease and correctness, although now and then betrayed by his striving after an idiomatic and familiar tone into inelegance or slang—blemishes which, along with an occasional inaccuracy of expression, have been very properly left unremoved by the English publishers, as constituting a part of the author's personality, and authenticating his work in its detail. His political sentiments are wholly English; he does not protest against, or even apparently deplore, the rule of the Westerner; his denunciation and detestation are reserved for the Moslem, whom the other came to dispossess. This is, indeed, a most natural state of mind for one who knows the past history of his country, and has freedom of judgment enough not to be prevented by the irksomeness of a present yoke from contrasting it with an earlier crushing oppression such as that which India suffered for centuries at the hands of the Prophet's followers. Yet Bholonauth's anti-Mohammedan zeal, we should add, does not forbid him to do justice to the brilliant and noble qualities of the great Mogul emperor Akbar. In matters, again, that concern the mutiny, his sympathy is with the foreigner; he regards it, not as a popular struggle for independence, but as a military revolt, which the old Mussulman dynasty endeavored to turn to its own advantage; and he laments the cruelties and excesses of the mutineers—none the less heartily, doubtless, because his countrymen of Bengal were almost equally obnoxious to them with the English.

By describing the spirit of the work and its author as different from what we might have expected, and could have wished, we have no thought of reflecting upon either. There is nothing ungenuine and nothing slavish about Bholonauth Chunder; he is just what the circumstances of his life have made him. And it is by no means uninteresting to see how capable the Hindu is of accepting and wearing, in its entirety, the civilization of Europe. If a prominent example, he is yet only an example of a pretty large class. The different Asiatic societies of India have other members besides him who investigate and write like Europeans—some of them like European scholars of a very high type; and who have received from all parts of the world tokens of recognition of their contributions to the knowledge which the West seeks to have of the East. By his choice of the subjects which he dwells most upon, and by the manner in which he illustrates them, our author shows himself a true student of the antiquities, the history, and the present condition of his country. No one who is interested in any side of Indian life, ancient or modern, will fail to draw a notable amount of information and entertainment from his pages. He presents us a lively picture of the Santhals—the aboriginal tribe whom Mr. Hunter has recently brought prominently into notice. The revival of Hindu learning, of which Nuddea was the seat, receives his attention, and he dwells upon the reforming activity there of Chaitanya in a manner which almost leads us to suppose him a sectary of that eminent saint and avatar. An instructive sketch is given of Benares, the headquarters of Hindu orthodoxy. At Agra, it is the magnificent architectural remains of the Mogul empire that form the chief attraction; Brindabun and its environs call forth a host of notices of the legendary history of Krishna, the latest accession to the Hindu Pantheon of a divinity of highest rank. Bholonauth Chunder accepts the repeatedly suggested theory of a powerful influence exerted by Christian ideas, mythical rather than moral, upon the development of the Krishna-worship—a theory which Weber has recently sustained in a learned essay before the Berlin Academy. For the traces of Buddhism in the land where it so long reigned triumphant, though now crushed and exiled, he is always upon the lookout. And Delhi, the remotest point of the traveller's wanderings, occupies him through nearly three-quarters of his second volume, with its old remains and newer wonders, with its most eventful history, the struggles for the mastery of all India which have taken place in or about it—the last of them, and the most desperate and heroic, being that which within a few years re-established British authority, and overthrew for ever the throne of the Great Mogul.

We cannot but praise the modesty with which our author keeps personal adventure in the background, and is always more intent upon what is about him than upon his own relation to it. We have read his work with real satisfaction throughout, and heartily commend it to the attention of all who love a good book, and seek from it instruction along with amusement.

TWO BOOKS ON THE ADIRONDACKS.*

It would be hard for the honest lover of woods and waters and forest sports to find a book concerning them which should not please him more than Mr. Murray's. And it would be harder for the person with tolerable taste in literature to find a book the tone of which would very much more displease him. "Loud" is the word that we might perhaps best apply to it; that usefully descriptive slang term is often applied to styles of dress and manner that are the spiritual equivalents, so to speak, of Mr. Murray's writing concerning himself and his shooting and eating and boating. The whole book is written in falsetto, as we may say; is screechy from the beginning to the end, and does not inspire confidence. Still it is not without its attraction. There is some vigor—overlaid as it is by exaggerated words, and fuller of Mr. Murray than of trout-fishing—in this description, which may be taken as a fair specimen of the better part of the book:

"I love the rifle, and I have looked along the sights and held the leaping blood back by an effort of will, steadying myself for a shot, when my veins fairly tingled with the exhilarating excitement of the moment; but if one should ask me what is my conception of pure physical happiness, I should assure him that the highest bodily beatitude I ever expect to reach is, on some future day, when the clear sun is occasionally veiled by clouds, to sit in a boat once more upon that little lake, with John at the paddle, and match again a Conroy rod against a three-pound trout. That's what I call happiness!"

"Well, as I said, I struck; and, as we afterwards discovered, the huge salmon-hook was buried to the shank amid the nerves which lie at the root of a trout's tongue. Then came a fight for the mastery such as never before had I waged with anything that swims. Words should have life in them to depict the scene. Quick as a flash, before I had fairly recovered my balance, partially lost by the energy with which I struck, the trout started, and before I could get a pressure upon the line, not twenty yards were left on the reel. A quick stroke from John, and the boat shot one side—"

and so forth. It goes on for three or four pages, and ends with these probable remarks from the guide, whom Mr. Murray, in the heat of the battle, observes gazing affectionately at the marvellous rod:

"These fly-rods are delicate things. Like women, they shouldn't be put to heavy work if you can help it; but they are able to bear a heavy strain if necessary. But with all I could do I thought it was gone once. I don't think I ever came so near breaking this paddle as on that last sweep. It made my flesh creep to hear the old rod creak. I really believe my own back would have snapped if it had parted."

The advice as to outfit which the author gives to persons who intend making a trip into the Adirondacks seems to be sensible and worth taking; and we should think that the effect of the book might be good as leading a good many people to forsake watering-places and "loafing," and try the shanty life of hemlock-bough beds, and trout and salt pork for breakfast, and long tramps and longer sleeps in perfectly sweet air. It would spoil the woods possibly; but it is a pity and it is a wonder that our counting-rooms and offices do not more entirely empty themselves into the Adirondacks every summer and fall. There is yet room, by the way—large room—for a good book on the Adirondack country; and in the interest of overworked American humanity, it is to be hoped that some one may speedily make it.

Mr. Street's work we opened first at an unfortunate page, and when we began at the beginning afterwards and read it through, we confess that it was with something like a prejudice against it. Yet, in spite of some very absurd passages, the book will be found to be, upon the whole, a good one. It is of some value as a guide-book—though the reader will do well to remember that Mr. Street habitually exaggerates the difficulties and terrors of the climbings and wanderings which he undertook—and is also of some value as a truthful description of the impression made by the mountainous part of the Adirondack country upon every beholder of its savage grandeur. The reader might be excused for shutting up "The Indian Pass" who should open it at any one of the numerous passages where Mount Marcy talks rhapsodically, in blank prose, to Wall-face, or Mount McIntyre, or some other mountain, with many "thees" and "thous," and "slaves"

and "vassals"—in short, with much silliness, as it must be called for want of a word more civil and equally accurate. As bad as the rhapsodies are such things as this:

"Hark! a loud boom! Has the Iron Dam severed itself from the river, and taken to flying, like Loretto's Chapel, through the air? Why, no! it is only a bumble-bee! Boom-m-m-m! It will waken all the echoes in the village! Methinks this very butterfly, wavering along, hums in his smooth, velvet flight! Hark! a tremendous sound this time! a galloping—a rising dust! Halloo! what on earth is here! a charge of cavalry, or rather *cavalcalry*, from the hillside, through the openings between the houses, down the street of the village! The three calves have let themselves loose, and are charging with sabres, or rather tails, in air, full tilt upon us! How the trumpets, or, not to put too fine a point upon it, their *ba-ba's* sound! Mercy! what shall we do? But lo! an opposing charge by the colt *solus*, full gallop against the coming foe! The parties meet midway, the colt's heels flourishing like a couple of carbines. I am sorry to say the calves show the white feather, and their white tails at the same time, flourishing, in turn, a swift dozen of heels in ignoble flight up the street, towards Lake Henderson. And this reminds me—I must visit Lake Henderson."

But the love of wild nature which Mr. Street shows in his poetry, and the faculty for presenting its aspects with a somewhat confusing minuteness, but still not without vividness, he shows in this book, and, as we have said, its exactness of information makes it a good guide-book.

NEW TESTAMENT TRANSLATIONS.*

NOYES's "New Testament" and FOLSOM's "Four Gospels" are valuable contributions to American ecclesiastical literature. Both are works of competent scholars, both products of independent research, and both based on the text of Tischendorf—as far as published; in other respects, however, they differ materially. Noyes's translation presents itself to the public at large, Folsom's is elaborated for students. The chief aim of the former translator was "to make a version more free from wholly or nearly obsolete words and phrases, more intelligible," and "less encumbered with Greek and Hebrew idioms," though, at the same time, "more critically accurate, and on the whole even closer to the original, than that of King James's translators;" the chief aim of Mr. Folsom was to render and expound the text, in all its original distinctiveness, strictly, and as accurately as the imitative power of the English idiom in its more modern stage of development would permit. The former sought to express the inner meaning of the sentences in the plainest, most correct, and perhaps Biblically familiar English form; the latter "weighed every Greek word and sought to give its exact equivalent," with more regard for the niceties of the original expressions than for those of the living tongue. Dr. Noyes, satisfied with faithfully rendering the sense, and little mindful of slight variations of reading, "thought it best not to interpose" his "own judgment in regard to the Greek text," and strictly to follow Tischendorf, even where, exceptionally, their opinions did not coincide; Mr. Folsom, devoting years of labor to a close and minute collation of readings, allowed himself, when sustained by sufficient critical authority, some departures, though but few in number, from the leading text. Reference to parallel passages, or to the Old Testament, and brief notes containing various readings, different renderings, or explanations of the chosen phraseology, are all Dr. Noyes saw fit to add to his translation—for "exposition, interpretation, or argument formed no part" of his design; Mr. Folsom not only gives the various readings—to which an "Account of Manuscripts" is added—fully and elaborately, but also copious explanatory and expository notes designed to sustain and illustrate the translation, as well as the inner truth of the books—though not to serve as historico-critical dissertations of an introductory character.

A comparison of a few connected passages in the two translations with the original will probably suffice to illustrate our preceding remarks, as well as the respective merits of the rival versions—if we may so call them, the scheme and the sphere of the two being in fact different. We choose Luke vii. 24, *et seq.*:

Noyes has: "What have ye gone out into the wilderness to see? the reeds shaken by the winds?" Folsom has: "What have you gone out into the Desert to view? A reed, shaken by [the] wind?" The text has *θεύματα* (to view), *κάλανον* (sing.), and *άνθρωπον* (sing.) N.: "A man clothed in soft

* "The New Testament: Translated from the Greek Text of Tischendorf. By George R. Noyes, D.D., Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages, and Dexter Lecturer on Biblical Literature, in Harvard University." Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1869.

"The Four Gospels: Translated from the Greek Text of Tischendorf, with the various readings of Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Meyer, Alford, and others; and with Critical and Expository Notes. By Nathaniel S. Folsom." Boston: A. Williams & Co.

* "Adventures in the Wilderness; or, Camp-life in the Adirondacks. By William H. Murray." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869. Pp. 236.
"The Indian Pass. By Alfred B. Street." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869. Pp. 1viii., 301.

raiment?" F.: "A man attired in soft garments?" Text: *ἐν μαλακοῖς ἱματίοις* (pl.) N.: "Lo! they who wear gorgeous apparel, and live luxuriously." F.: "Behold, they who flourish in splendid apparel and luxury." Text: *ἰδοὺ οἱ ἐν ἱματισμῷ ἐνδοξῶ καὶ τρυφῇ ὑπάρχοντες*—which is excellently rendered by Mr. Folsom. N.: "A prophet? Yes, I say to you, and more than a prophet." F.: "Yes, I say to you, and a great deal more than a prophet." Text: *περισσότερον* (more than superior) *προφήταν*. Both translators refer the following Old Testament quotation to Mal. iii. 1; but F., in a note to the parallel passage in Matthew, has two erroneous references; neither attempts to explain the striking discrepancy between the words of the prophet and those of the apostles, who add "before thy face," and change "before me" into "before thee." N.: "Among those born of women there is no greater prophet than John." F.: "A greater prophet among women-born than John there is none." Text: *ἐν γεννητοῖς γυναικῶν . . οὐδεὶς ἐστὶν* (there is none). "Among women-born" is unnecessarily strained. N.: "But he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he." F.: "But the lesser in the kingdom of God is a greater than he." Text: *ὁ δὲ μικροτερος* (the lesser). N.: "And all . . . acknowledged God as righteous by being baptized with the baptism of John." F.: "And all . . . ascribed righteousness to God, having been baptized with the baptism of John." Text: *ἐδικαίωσαν τὸν θεόν, βαπτισθέντες τὸ βάπτισμα Ἰωάννου*. Noyes's rendering is obviously more in accordance with the sense, if not with the grammatical form of the Greek, which in the Gospels is, after all, not the Greek of Hellenes but of Jews. In the negative sentence following, his rendering seems still more preferable. N.: "They are like children." F.: "They are like young children." Text: *παιδῶς* (little children). N.: "We piped to you, and ye did not dance; we sung a dirge, and ye did not weep." F.: "We played on the pipe to you, and you did not dance; we made lamentation, and you did not weep." Text: *ᾄλυσάμεν* (we played on the pipe), *ἐθρήνησαμεν* (we cried, lamented). N.: "But wisdom is acknowledged by all her children." F.: "And wisdom received justification from all her children." Text: *ἐδικαίωθη* (was justified).

We shall not trouble the reader with a continuation of this parallel—which we have done to some extent—though it would certainly strengthen the conclusions drawn from the above—to wit, that Noyes has sacrificed somewhat of the necessary accuracy to the desire of being plain and readable and retaining "what may be called the savor and spirit of our old and familiar version;" that Folsom shows an equally pronounced leaning to the opposite side, which makes his diction occasionally rather awkward; and that both have well executed their respective tasks, of which that of Mr. Folsom was decidedly the more arduous.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

PERHAPS the most disagreeable of all the sorts of writing which English literature exhibits is one which attained its greatest popularity in England in the time of the first two Georges. The lesser "wits" of the Anne-Augustan age, emulating the conversation of the French *salons*, were adepts in it; and the plays of the comedians and the essays of the essayists, from Charles the Second's time on down to the days when Sheridan flourished, and on down to the later days when English provincial literary coteries and American literary coteries kept Sheridanism on its legs after the life had mostly gone out of it, are nearly all disfigured by a smartness and pertness and wooden impudence born of self-conceit and of contempt, which once were thought to be very French and epigrammatic, but which we now find ourselves thinking very British-French, or even brutal and stupid—displeasing not only morally, but also intellectually, and in every other way. Mr. Colley Cibber "roasting" a critic or a dunce—if roasting was the term in his time—would not be a spectacle that would much delight any of us nowadays; the "taste of the town" has changed, that old gentleman and his friends would discover; and it is now a countrified taste which the laureate and Mr. Foote and Mr. Cumberland and Mr. Boswell and Dr. Syntax and the followers of Mr. Pope and our own "Croaker" and "Croaker Junior," and the rest of the "men of parts about town," would hardly be able to hit at all. "Mecrenas," says one of them, giving definitions—"Mecrenas: a man who employs his riches in such a way as to attract the admiration of fools." Another, contorting his solid countenance where his French exemplar may have made a shadow of a grimace, speaks thus of morality: "Morality: keeping up appearances in this world, or becoming suddenly devout, when we imagine that we may be shortly summoned to appear in the next." Another one thus causes the mind to revert to the "stout oak stick" which Doctor Johnson was going to buy for Mr. Sam Foote, and which it seems a pity that Mr. Foote's whole school could not constantly have had the benefit of; "I wish to consult

you upon a project I have formed," said a noodle to his friend; "I have an idea in my head." "Have you?" interposed the friend with a look of great surprise; "then you shall have my opinion at once: keep it there—it may be some time," etc., etc., etc. Certainly, some of the grumbling at Fortune—as to the kind of people on whom she proverbially bestows her favors—may well enough have been stopped by little tales such as this; the unluckiest of men cannot have been so unlucky as not to side with our noodle against our "man of wit." These remarks we make after turning over the pages of "The Tin Trumpet"—a book now thirty or forty years old, and which the Appletons have just republished for a second time. The American editor of the work, revising and adding, has improved on his English forerunner; and we do not say that the Englishman, either, when he dumped his commonplace-book, shot out rather cheap wit only, for he shot out also some wisdom and good-nature with his rubbish. What about him, except that he seems to have been a Doctor Paul Chatfield, we cannot say; apparently he was a rather splenetic physician, well read in the British classics of half or three-quarters of a century ago, and with a turning to satire and smartness, though without too much of a natural turn for it. (His manner, by the way, is contagious.) His American follower seems to have been a man of somewhat better culture and wider mind. Still, the two of them together have made a book not very much less depressing than a jest-book. "Point" seems to have been a chief end with them both; and the ass with his thistles—to adapt a joke from one or the other of them—may serve to represent the delighted reader of their book and the kind of food he will be most apt to get from it. The full title is, "The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tails for the Wise and Waggish." A dozen or more of John Leech's most vulgar designs—none of them *appropos* to anything in the letterpress—are scattered through the volume, and are, perhaps, as bad as anything in it; certainly, there are much better things in it.

It is not doing friendly service to the memory of the late General Halpine to collect from the newspapers the verses which he wrote sometimes on "occasions" of a festive character and more often for no better cause than that the printer wanted copy. Nothing that he wrote, except two or three of the "Miles O'Reilly" pieces, is worth preserving; and it is not for their intrinsic merit as literature that any good judge would ever think of preserving these. His amatory verses, and those that he wrote in seriousness, have it for their chief value that they help one to understand and illustrate a literary type of which the specimens are far more numerous than pleasing. The manner in which Mr. Roosevelt has performed his task as editor and biographer is valuable rather for good feeling than for any other commendable quality.

We spoke some time ago of the one-volume edition of "The Spectator" which was edited by Mr. Henry Morley, and which gave in small compass as good an edition as we have of Steele's and Addison's classic. Of the same size is a volume containing in less than seven hundred octavo pages of good print Sterne's works—the "Tristram Shandy," the "Sentimental Journey," some select sermons, and all of his published letters. But the editorial work is very much inferior to that of the distinguished scholar and very agreeable writer who gave us the cheap "Spectator." Instead of a good life of the author, and a good critical estimate of him, we are put off with the brief sketchy autobiography which Sterne put together for his daughter; and of critical estimate of his writings and character there is none, or next to none; there is merely some laudation by unknown contemporaries of his. To be sure there is lack of good criticism of this most self-conscious and sentimental of all great humorists, and probably there may long be such lack; but it is a pity—considering how full is his revelation of himself, and how sure he is of continued reading, and how corrupting his influence may easily be—that any more editions of his works should be put forth without some tolerably sufficient aid to the proper understanding of him. Then, too, one feels, at each new appearance of him, that so interesting a character ought not to go undissected and unexplained. Apart from the way in which they have allowed the editing to be done, Messrs. Routledge & Sons have made a valuable addition to the list of cheap books which happily is getting to be so long in England and America—though America does less to lengthen it than could be wished, and less, as we believe, than she might. Some one of the many American publishers who employ "book agents" and flood the country with worthless books and with obsolete editions of good ones, might, we feel sure, make himself a national benefactor and put money in his purse by doing for us what Chambers and his imitators have done for the Scotch and English—namely, offer us, with some confidence in our sense and good taste, books that we ought to read if we read at all. Take one year with an-

other, and there is no more reason, we doubt, why "The Vicar of Wakefield" or "The Interference Theory of Government" should not be spread over the West than why Mr. Headley's "Sacred Mountains" should, or Mr. Abbott's "Napoleon."

So many thousand copies of Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar" have been sold, and so much has been said about it, that its author is in some danger of being tried by a standard not applicable to her and of being asked to be a woman of genius. But if the reader will forget the better known work, or will remember that in virtue of its peculiar relations to religion as it is taught by the New England churches, it has met with an acceptance among persons whose taste is indiscriminating, and, if thus remembering or forgetting, he will bring an unprejudiced mind to the perusal of the volume before us, "Men, Women, and Ghosts," he will be likely to receive considerable pleasure, though little of it will be unminged. Miss Phelps has much power of feeling—of feeling far too often morbid—and she has undeniable power over the feelings of her readers—a power to which the reader would more willingly and might more properly yield if it were not for the unhealthy and immoral morbidness of much of it. And besides a sort of sprightliness, which seems "stericky"—as they say in her part of the country—and as morbid as a good deal of her pathos, she has a fine store of genuine fun and humor, which we for our part find to be often very pleasant. Moreover, she has the power—if she would or could more frequently use it—of going out of herself, a little way at all events, and almost giving us other people, although it is too true that she seldom or never gives us others pure and simple and without any tinge of herself—herself, as religionist of a certain school sometimes, as mere woman very often, as various other persons now and again. Of her faults some, no doubt, are those of youth and inexperience, some of natural limitations of character. Of her merits, none—not even her occasional high spirits or gaiety—seems to be necessarily youthful merely; and we should say that a constant improvement in her work may be looked for, and that it will not seldom have high merit. More self-satisfaction—if that is possible—a little less intensity, a cooler and more self-restrained way of handling her subject, so as to avoid "the mingling of the subject and the object"—as, no doubt, they say at Andover—would certainly be of service to Miss Phelps in her writing; and all these things may probably be attainable. Whether or not they are, the writer of the miserably painful story of the "Pemberton Mill"—a story of a kind that no thoroughly "healthy" person would write, we think—and of "Kentucky's Ghost" and "In the Gray Goth" is certainly a writer of considerable power and of decided cleverness.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have republished, in a cheaper form, their fine edition of Mr. Barnes's "Rural Poems"—poems charming enough to be laid within easy reach on the everyday table of any lover of the country and of poetry—of the simplest and purest pleasures. How a painter might delight in Mr. Barnes's first six verses of this "Brisk Wind" may show; and that others, too, as well as painters, will find something, the last two verses may be taken as evidence:

"The burdock leaves beside the ledge,
The leaves upon the poplar's height,
Were blown by wind-blasts on edge,
And showed their under sides of white;
And willow trees beside the rocks
All bent gray leaves and swung gray boughs,
As there, on wagging heads, dark locks
Bespread red cheeks, behung white brows."

Most of us, perhaps, may have to unlearn a little to get the taste of condiment and high food out of our mouths before we care much for such plain fare as this best of all the rustic-rural poets sets before us; but it will not be long before Mr. Barnes's faithful reader will be very glad that he ever was led to make his acquaintance.

The same house republish, in the same pretty form—that of "The Handy Volume Series"—Mr. W. Stewart Trench's "Realities of Irish Life." They are not realities that strike one as very real. In fact, Mr. Trench may well enough be suspected of doing Irish life in something of the way in which Mr. Edmund Kirke did life "Among the Pines." Both we suppose, put a little more "life" of the desired sort into a given number of pages than any of us would find if we were to go in person to North Carolina or to Derrynane and the parts adjacent. Nevertheless, the book is very readable and interesting, and has some scenes melodramatically exciting. Most watering-places might be the better for it, we should think.

Springdale Abbey: Extracts from the Diaries and Letters of an English Preacher. Edited by Joseph Parker, D.D. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 1869.)—In so far as this book can be said to have any settled and definite object, its purpose seems to be to institute unfavorable compari-

sons between the clergymen of the Established Church of England and those of that body of Dissenters known as Independents. We do not know that we have any objections to such a purpose, considered in itself, but the way in which it is here proposed to accomplish it strikes us as being at once clumsy and ineffectual. The book being autobiographical in form, the author represents himself as a Church clergyman having the utmost devotion to the idea of church and state and the profoundest contempt for all bodies of Dissenters. "I always choose the word 'ignominious,'" he says, "in preference to any other when I wish to express the uttermost contempt; it looks in its right place when it comes before the word 'Dissenter.'" He takes care, however, to represent himself and all of his clerical brethren as utter fools in comparison with a Dissenting preacher whom he first sees at a Bible Society meeting, where his feelings as a "parish priest" are unutterably shocked by finding that the "fellow" talks grammatical English and uses logical arguments. "At that meeting I learned for the first time, and greatly to my amazement—for where there is knowledge there is sin—that Dissenters read the Bible. Certainly I had never understood this before, and it assuredly revealed to me an unimagined depth of human depravity; that an unbaptized Hottentot should be a Dissenter is tolerably clear, but how a reader of the Bible can be one passes my comprehension. This, however, is but a passing reflection." The Dissenter appears constantly throughout the book, and always vanquishes his antagonist in argument, who, however, always congratulates himself on having had quite the best of the encounter. The book is probably the work of some lay Dissenter, desirous of "poking fun" at the Establishment, who should have crammed more carefully on clerical topics before assuming the clerical character. However, it is not for the purpose of discussing the idea of the book that we refer to it, but simply because it contains a good deal of very amusing reading. The author has an eye for the very obviously humorous in matters both lay and clerical; and though he writes unskillfully and always wastes overmuch strength in giving blows that after all tell very lightly, yet his sketches have the look of having been studied from nature, and only need a good deal of condensation to make them in many respects really admirable. As it is, the book will be found readable, and in parts extremely amusing. This is solely on account of its humorous quality—as a weapon either for Dissent or against the Establishment it is at once too blunt and too weakly handled to be of any service. We give an extract from an account given by this zealous clergyman of what he confesses to have been the only visit he ever paid to his parochial school. It seems to have given him much the same kind and degree of amusement which it would have afforded the most godless layman, and to have excited about as much serious reflection. He is conducting an examination in the New Testament, and the pupils have already come to much grief, which we must pass over:

"I turned to the book and called loudly for the next verse. 'And when the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue, and many hearing him were astonished—'

"'Stop there,' said I, 'and let us see if we understand it so far. Now tell me which day was come.'

"All heads were bent upon the lesson, and after a pause a bright little fellow answered, 'Please, sir, the *Sabba* day.'

"'Sabba day, my boy,' said I, 'is that the way to pronounce the word? Who told you to say it so?'

"'My father, thank you, sir.'

"'Well now, think a moment, and then tell me what we do on the Sabbath day.'

"All the scholars exchanged looks of surprise, but not one of them hazarded an answer. Descending from generals to particulars, I fixed upon one boy, and said, 'Tell me what *your* father does on the Sabbath day.'

"'Please, sir,' was the ready answer, 'he puts his top-coat on, thank you, sir.'

"'And does he only put it on once a week?' I continued, forgetting that it was an examination on the Scriptures.

"'Yes, thank you, sir, because he's frightened of getting it wet, and mother says he mustn't.'

"Christy examined the maps again, and I called out vehemently, 'What do you mean by people being *astonished*? You read that the people who heard him were astonished.'

"'Please, sir, when they are frightened at a boggle,' a boy answered.

"'No, sir; when they are hungry,' another suggested.

"'Please, sir, when they are sleepy,' a third confidently explained.

"'All wrong,' said I. 'I shall ask you no more about that at present.

... Now let us go to the Catechism, and see what can be done with that. All of you get your slates out, because I wish you not to speak, but to write your answers. Now put down on your slates your answer to the question, 'What is thy duty towards God, and thy duty towards thy neighbor?' ... I took up the first slate, which contained almost a duplicate of the answer made to the same question in another parish:

"My dewty tordes Gode iz to bleed in him, to fering and to loof with old yewer hardis, withold my mined, withold my sold, and with my sernth, to whirchp and give thangs, and to putt my old trewest in him, to call pon him, to onner his old name and his world, and to save him truly all the days of my lives end. My dooty tordes my naybors to love him as thyself, and to do to all men as thou wed they shall do and to me, to luv onner and suke my farther and morthor, to onner and to bay the Queen and all that are pet under a forty under her, to smit myself to all my gooves, teeges, sportial pastares and marsters, to oughten myself lordly and every to all my betteris, to hut nobody by woode nor deede, to be true in jest in all my deelines, to beer no malis nor ated in your arts, to keep my ans from packin and steel, my toung from eeval speekin, lawing and slanders, not to covet nor deesyr otherrmans good, but to lern layber trewly to git my own leev-ing, and to doo my doty in that stay of life and to each it please God to call mens."

One pretty strong mark of a clerical origin the book does indeed bear, since its author, who is a bright man, yet concerns himself in no way with any wider affairs than technically religious ones. Still, his knowledge and his interest even here seem to be very slight; and it is only the humorous and ludicrous side of matters which get any hearty attention from him.

Black Forest Village Stories. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles Goepp. Author's edition. Illustrated with fac-similes of the original German wood-cuts. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.)—These are the stories which first brought Auerbach into general notice in Germany, and although they were written nearly thirty years ago, they do not compare unfavorably with his later works. As studies of peasant life they are said to be very faithful, and the shrewd and kindly observation of human nature which distinguishes them makes them very pleasant reading. Thirty years ago, Auerbach's tendency to use his art in great part at least for putting into tangible shape the speculations which occupied his own mind was nearly as marked as it is now, and he thought on very much the same topics. "Ivon" is a story of religious doubts and struggles, and in the "Lauterbacher" we have Erieh Dournay's prototype, and find him on the whole more agreeable and less priggish than in the later elaboration.

Mr. Goepp's translation is readable, and in the main faithful to the original. It has, however, some bad faults, which come apparently from a singular misconception on Mr. Goepp's part of what the duties of a translator really are. In his desire to give a spirited and vigorous rendering he is frequently inexcusably vulgar, and gives, in this, an utterly false impression of Auerbach to his readers. To people who read these stories only in the present version, the criticism which is made upon them—that they soften down the actual coarseness of peasant life and show it through a poetic veil, will lose a good deal of its force. Mr. Goepp's worst fault, however, is his habit of interpolating passages of his own wherever and whenever he pleases, without giving either in his preface or his foot-notes the slightest intimation that there is nothing of the kind to be found in the original. These interpolations are of all descriptions—now a short dissertation on the differences between European and American prison systems, which is readily enough detected as spurious even by readers unacquainted with the German text; and again a bit of moralizing, as if Auerbach himself were not quite safe to supply enough of it, or a bold general remark on German habits, the insertion of any of which is an inexcusable impertinence. Occasionally too he perverts, in what seems a wiful manner, the obvious meaning of the original—as, for instance, in the story of Florian and Crescenze, where, in speaking of the use which Florian made of his smattering of French, he says that the French language "is the most respectable dress for immorality that was ever fashioned." By what process he contrived to get this meaning from Auerbach's own expression—"denn das hat immer etwas Lockendes und Vornehmeres für viele Leute"—literally, "for that has always something

more attractive and more distinguished for many people," we find ourselves at a loss to imagine.

This translation was first published about a dozen years ago, and is the only English version we know of except one by Mrs. Taylor, which was issued in London more than twenty years since. It did not contain all the stories, and in those which it gave was nearly as remarkable for its omissions as Mr. Goepp's for its interpolations.

Analysis of Civil Government. By Calvin Townsend, Counsellor-at-Law. (New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1869.)—Mr. Townsend's "Civil Government" has so much that is good that we wish it had more. It undertakes to give not only a full commentary upon the Constitution, but all the important legislation upon its provisions; and much of this work is excellently well done, much very insufficiently, much, again, with altogether too great fulness of detail. Thus, there is a valuable and well-executed statement of the laws in regard to surveys and disposition of the public lands; but all the changes of law in regard to the compensation of members of Congress—a very unimportant matter—are given in so much detail as to occupy nearly a page, while the Bankrupt Law is barely mentioned, with no description at all of its provisions; and there is no allusion to legislation upon the decimal system of weights and measures. Again, there is an able and conclusive argument—much more detailed indeed than is necessary—against giving an Acting President of the Senate, as Mr. Wade last year, the title of Vice-President; and the recent law in regard to the election of Senators is fully given. But under Art. 1, § 9, clause 1, there is no allusion to the bargain by which this provision was secured; neither is there any definition of Navigation Laws, nor, in the Glossary of Legal Terms, of Eminent Domain. It is thus a book of very unequal merit, and ought, by judicious omissions and additions, to be made very much better than it is. But, at any rate, it is far too bulky, and contains an immense amount of "padding." Imagine an ingenuous youth being taught, at the present stage of our national career, that "we cannot too much admire the wisdom, purity, and sagacity of the great and good men who framed the Constitution, in their efforts to withdraw as far as possible from the framework of our Government all motives to selfish and dishonest legislation." Surely he must ask what would have happened if these great and good men had *not*, etc., etc.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
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Bamberger (L.), Count Bismarck: from the German, swd. (B. Westermann & Co.)	
Bonghi (R.), L'Inchiesta sulla Regia Cointeressa del Tabachi, swd. (Milan)	
Bourne (H. R. F.), Famous London Merchants: a Boy's Book..... (Harper & Bros.)	\$1 00
Clarke (Rev. D.), The Oneness of the Christian Church..... (Lee & Shepard)	
De Mille (J.), Cord and Creese: a Tale, swd. (Harper & Bros.)	0 75
Fourth Annual Report of the National Temperance Society..... (New York)	
Fuller (Jane J.), Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers..... (M. W. Dodd)	1 50
Haven (Rev. E. O.), Rhetoric: a Text-book..... (Harper & Bros.)	1 50
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Leavitt (Rev. J. M.), The Siege of Babylon: a Tragedy, swd. (Hurd & Houghton)	
Littell's Living Age, Vol. XIII., April—June, 1869..... (Littell & Gay)	
Lunarius..... (Nat. Temperance Society)	
Mill (J. S.), The Subjection of Women..... (D. Appleton & Co.)	1 00
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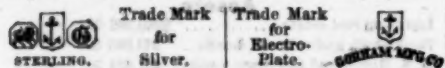
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